

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

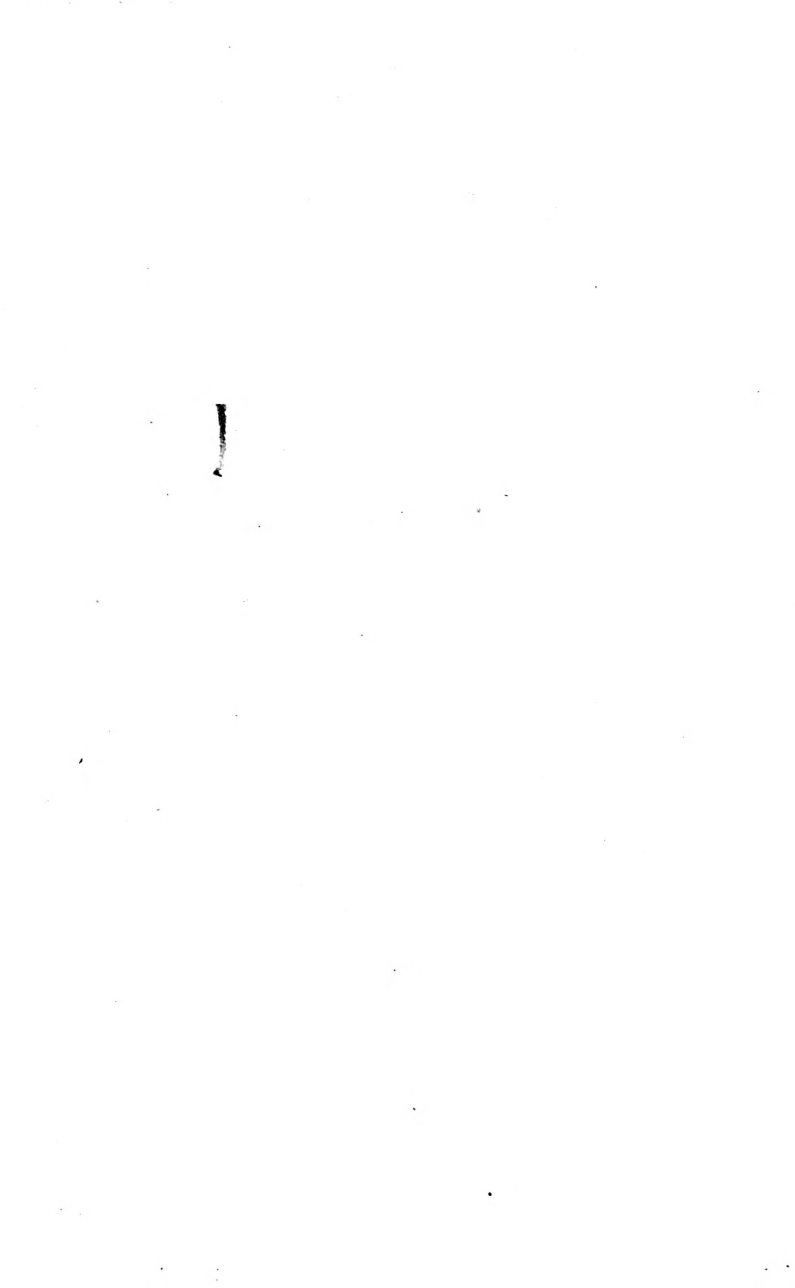
Class. F 487 Copyright No.

Shelf. W5R65

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

10891

OCT 1 1907





SKETCHES

OF

Western Reserve Life

BY

HARVEY RICE.

CLEVELAND, O:
WILLIAM W. WILLIAMS, 145 ST. CLAIR STREET.
1885.

COPYRIGHT, 1835
BY HARVEY RICE.

All rights reserved.

Harvey
1835

PREFATORY NOTE.

—:0:—

The following sketches were written chiefly with reference to incidents and traits of character that marked the transition of the Western Reserve from a wilderness to the proud eminence of a civilized land.

The sketch—"Woman and Her Sphere"—has been included in the volume for the reason that the topic is one of irrepressible interest in this age of departure from the stereotyped ideas of a stubborn conservatism.

CLEVELAND, *June 11, 1885.*



CONTENTS.

GENERAL MOSES CLEVELAND.....	11
MAJOR LORENZO CARTER.....	29
REV. JOSEPH BADGER.....	49
HOMES IN THE WILDERNESS.....	77
WESTERN RESERVE JURISTS.....	103
FOOTPRINTS OF PURITANISM....	129
WOMAN AND HER SPHERE.....	149

ILLUSTRATIONS.

- ✓ PORTRAIT OF GENERAL MOSES CLEVELAND.....facing 11

- ✓ CLEVELAND IN 1800.....facing 23

- ✓ PORTRAIT OF MAJOR LORENZO CARTER.....facing 29

- ✓ PORTRAIT OF REV. JOSEPH BADGER.....facing 49

- ✓ PORTRAIT OF CALVIN PEASE.....facing 104

- ✓ PORTRAIT OF REUBEN WOOD... ..facing 116

- ✓ PORTRAIT OF SHERLOCK J. ANDREWS.....facing 119

- ✓ PORTRAIT OF RUFUS P. RANNEY.....facing 121

Gen. Moses Cleaveland.



GENERAL MOSES CLEVELAND.

GENERAL MOSES CLEVELAND.

In attempting to solve the problem of life, General Moses Cleaveland had a purpose and lived for a purpose. In his career, though controlled by circumstances, he manifested an unusual degree of wisdom and foresight. Among other achievements he founded a city—the beautiful city that inherits his name and cherishes his memory with a pride that approaches reverence.

His ancestry is of historical interest, and has been traced to a remote period. The name "Cleaveland" is shown to be of Saxon origin, and was the name of a distinguished family in Yorkshire, England, before the Norman conquest. This family originally occupied an extensive landed estate that was singularly marked by open fissures in its rocky soil, known to the Saxons as "clefts" or "cleves." This peculiarity of the estate induced the rural population of the vicinity to speak of its occupants as the "Clefflands," a name which the family accepted. This

name, like many others, as time elapsed, came to be spelled in a variety of ways—Cleffland, Clifland, Cleiveland, Cleaveland, Cleveland. An antiquarian of repute states that William Cleveland of York, England, who died at Hinckley, in Leicestershire, in 1630, was the remote ancestor of the American Clevelands. It is also shown that a lineal descendant of his, whose name was Moses, and who was a housewright or builder by trade, emigrated from England and landed at Boston in the year 1635, where he remained for several years. He then, in connection with Edward Winn and others, founded the town of Woburn, Massachusetts, where both he and Winn permanently settled.

This Moses Cleveland was a man of intelligence and enterprise. He aspired to full citizenship, and became, in 1643, what was then called a "freeman." The qualifications of a freeman required that he should be of "godly walk and conversation, at least twenty-one years of age, take an oath of allegiance to the government of Massachusetts Bay colony, be worth £200, and consent to hold office if elected, or pay a fine of forty shillings, and vote at all elections or pay the same fine." The restrictions and conditions were so onerous that many who were eligible preferred not to become freemen, being more free as

they were. But this Moses, who had now become a freeman, feeling that he had ancestral blood in his veins of a superior quality, thought that it ought to be transmitted, and after a brief courtship married, in 1648, Anne Winn, the daughter of his friend, Edward Winn of Woburn. In taking this step "Moses" did not make a "mistake." The result was that he became the accredited progenitor of all the Clevelands born in the United States—a race not only numerous, but noted for great moral worth and many noble traits of character.

General Moses Cleaveland, the subject of this sketch, was born January 29, 1754, in the town of Canterbury, Windham county, and State of Connecticut. He was the second son of Colonel Aaron Cleaveland, who married Thankful Paine. Both his father and mother were persons of culture. They saw promising traits of character in their son Moses when he was but a child, and resolved to give him a liberal education. At the proper age they sent him to Yale college, where he graduated in 1777. He then adopted the legal profession, and commenced the practice of law in his native town with marked success. The abilities of the young lawyer soon attracted public attention, and induced congress to recognize his merits by appointing him, in 1779,

captain of a company of sappers and miners in the army of the United States. The following is the commission he received:

The United States of America in Congress assembled. To Moses Cleveland, Esquire, *Greeting*:

We, reposing especial trust and confidence in your patriotism, valor, conduct and fidelity, do by these presents constitute and appoint you to be a captain in the companies of sappers and miners in the Army of the United States, to take rank as such from the second day of August, 1779. You are, therefore, carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of a captain, by doing and performing all manner of things thereunto belonging. And we do strictly charge and require all officers and soldiers under your command to be obedient to your commands as captain. And you are to observe and follow such orders and directions from time to time as you shall receive from this or a future Congress of the United States, or for the time being of the Army of the United States, or any other superior officer, according to the rules and discipline of war, in pursuance of the trust reposed in you. This commission to continue in force until revoked by this or a future Congress, the committee of Congress before mentioned, or a committee of the States.

Entered in the war office, and examined by the board. Attest.

Witness: His Excellency Samuel Huntington, Esq., President of the Congress of the United States of America, at Philadelphia, the fourteenth day of February, 1780, and in the fourth year of our independence.

SAM. HUNTINGTON, President.

BEN. STODDERT, Secretary of the Board of War.

Captain Cleveland is hereby, at his own request, discharged from the services of the United States.

By His Excellency's command.

TEUCH TILGHMAN, Aid-de-Camp.

New Windsor, June 7, 1781.

He accepted the commission, but in the course of

a few months, as appears, resigned the office. No reason is given. He doubtless preferred the practice of law, to which he returned. He was not an office-seeker in a political sense, yet he was a member of the Masonic fraternity and held the position of grand marshal of the Grand Lodge of Connecticut. He was several times elected a member of the state legislature, and in this capacity acquired an enviable reputation as a statesman. In 1794 he married Esther Champion, a young lady of rare accomplishments, and the daughter of Henry Champion. Early in 1796, after having risen rapidly through the subordinate military grades, he was advanced to the generalship of the Fifth brigade of the state militia.

In regard to the subsequent career of General Cleaveland, it should be remembered that Connecticut, when a colony, acquired by grant of King Charles II. of England, in 1662, a vast tract of territory lying between the same parallels with the colony, and extending west from "sea to sea," or from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean. When Connecticut was admitted into the Union as a state, she claimed this territory as her rightful domain. In adjusting the claim, congress allowed her to retain only that part of the territory now known as the

“Western Reserve.” This she accepted in full discharge of her claim.

The Western Reserve embraces the northeastern part of Ohio, and contains three millions and eight hundred thousand acres. In 1792 the state donated five hundred thousand acres of this land, since known as the “Firelands,” to citizens who had suffered by fire in the Revolution; and, in 1795, authorized a sale of the remaining part of the Reserve and appointed a committee to effect the sale. This remainder was sold within a few months for \$1,200,000, which the state appropriated as a permanent fund for the support of her common schools. The purchasers of the land were sundry wealthy citizens known as the “Connecticut Land company.” The individuals comprising the company held different shares, and with a view to convenience in the transaction of business, conveyed their respective interests to three trustees, John Cadwell, John Morgan and Jonathan Brace. In accordance with articles of agreement entered into by the land company, the general management of its affairs was confided to a board of seven directors, Oliver Phelps, Henry Champion, Moses Cleaveland, Samuel W. Johnson, Ephraim Kirby, Samuel Mather, Jr., and Roger Newbury. On the twelfth day of May, 1796, the follow-

ing commission was issued by the board of directors to Moses Cleaveland, who was a shareholder in the land company :

To Moses Cleaveland, Esq., of the County of Windham and State of Connecticut, one of the directors of the Connecticut Land company,
Greeting.

We, the board of directors of said company, having appointed you to go on to said land as superintendent over the agents and men sent to survey and make locations on said land, and to make and enter into friendly negotiations with the natives who are on said land, or contiguous thereto, and may have any pretended claim to the same, and secure such friendly intercourse amongst them as will establish peace, quiet and safety to the survey and settlement of said lands not ceded by the natives under the authority of the United States.

You are hereby, for the foregoing purposes, fully authorized and empowered to act and transact all the above business in as full and ample a manner as we ourselves could do ; to make contracts on the foregoing matters in our behalf and stead, and make such drafts on our treasury as may be necessary to accomplish the foregoing object of your appointment. And all agents and men by us employed and sent to survey and settle said lands, to be obedient to your orders and directions ; and you are to be accountable for all moneys by you received, conforming your conduct to such orders and directions as we may from time to time give you, and to do and act in all matters according to your best skill and judgment, which may tend to the best interest, prosperity and success of said Connecticut Land company, having more particularly for your guide the articles of association entered into and signed by the individuals of said company.

OLIVER PHELPS, HENRY CHAMPION, ROGER NEWBURY, SAMUEL MATHER, JR.,	}	Directors.
--	---	------------

Thus commissioned, General Cleaveland led the first surveying and exploring party into the wilds of

the Western Reserve, or "New Connecticut," as it was then called. The entire party consisted of General Cleaveland, agent of the land company; Augustus Porter, principal surveyor; Seth Pease, astronomer and surveyor; Moses Warren, Amos Spafford, John M. Holley and Richard M. Stoddard, assistant surveyors; Joshua Stow, commissary; Theodore Shepard, physician; Joseph Tinker, boatman, and Seth Hart, chaplain, accompanied by thirty-seven employés and a few emigrants. There were but two women in the party. They were married women who came with their husbands. The whole party numbered just fifty. They brought with them thirteen horses and several head of horned cattle.

The individuals composing the expedition concentrated at Schenectady, N. Y., early in June, 1796. A few took charge of the horses and cattle and proceeded by land through the interior wilds of the state to Buffalo, while the others procured boats and ascended the Mohawk river, and when they reached Fort Stanwix, now Rome, transferred their boats from the Mohawk over the portage to Wood creek, passed down the creek to Oneida lake, thence across the lake and its outlets, and down the Oswego river to Lake Ontario. From this point they coasted along the south shore of Ontario to the mouth of the Ni-

agara river, thence up that river to Queenstown, and after crossing the "seven mile" portage reached Chippewa, and from thence pursued their way along the Niagara river and shore of Lake Erie to Buffalo, where they were met by the detachment having charge of the horses and cattle. Here General Cleaveland found a delegation of Seneca and Mohawk Indians, headed by Red Jacket and Colonel Brant, who had been awaiting his arrival, with a determination to oppose the further progress of the expedition to the Western Reserve, claiming that it was territory which rightfully belonged to them. The Indians consented to hold a "talk" with the general, who succeeded in quieting the claim by making them a donation of goods, valued at twelve hundred dollars. The expedition then continued westward along the southeastern shore of Lake Erie in two divisions, one division in boats, and the other by land, and arrived on the fourth of July, 1796, at the mouth of Conneaut creek, in the Western Reserve, and on arrival gave "three deafening cheers" and christened the place "Port Independence."

It was a pleasant day. The party felt patriotic, and resolved to celebrate not only the day but the event. They flung the American flag to the breeze. Tables were extemporized and made to groan under

the weight of a superabundance of baked pork and beans and other luxuries, all of which were partaken of with a keen relish. Salutes were fired by platoons of musketry, speeches were made, and several pailfuls of grog were imbibed in response to the following toasts or sentiments: 1. "The President of the United States." 2. "The State of New Connecticut." 3. "The Connecticut Land Company." 4. "May the Port of Independence and the fifty sons and daughters who have entered it this day be successful and prosperous." 5. "May these sons and daughters multiply in sixteen years sixteen times fifty." 6. "May every person have his bowsprit trimmed and ready to enter every port that opens."

The celebration was prolonged until the stars appeared. It was the first celebration of the kind that had occurred in the Western Reserve. At its close, the hilarious "fifty" retired to their boats and tents in as good order as could be expected. The next day was devoted to the erection of a log structure or two, designed for the immediate accommodation of the party and their supplies. The Indians in the vicinity now became inquisitive, and demanded to know why it was the white men had encroached upon their domains. A council was called and the central seat assigned to General Cleaveland, as the great

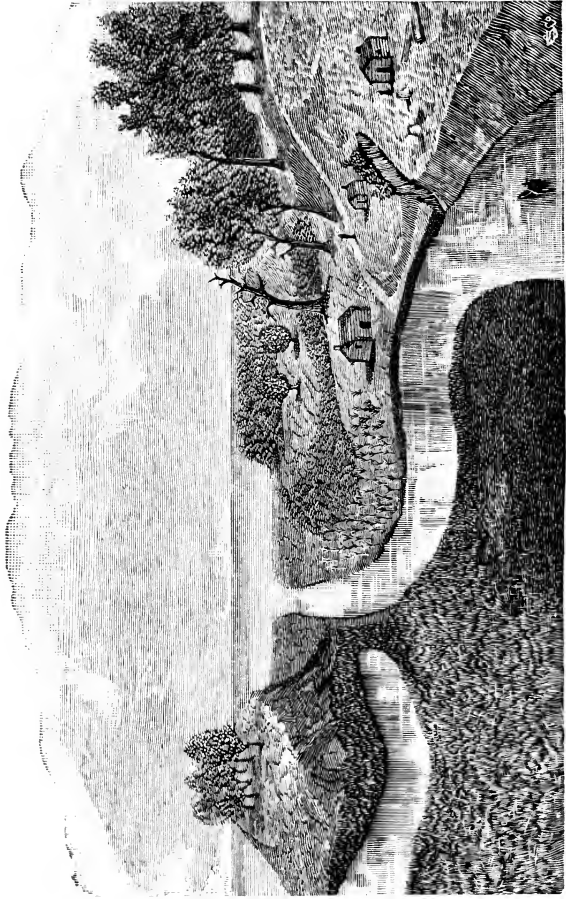
white chief. Proceedings were commenced by gravely smoking the "pipe of peace." Cato, the son of the old Indian chief, Piqua, then addressed the great white chief, who, in his reply, conciliated the Indians by giving them a few glass beads and a keg of whiskey. The surveys were then allowed to proceed. The general assigned to each detachment of surveyors their special work, and told them where to commence it.

In the course of two weeks after this General Cleaveland left Conneaut in company with a select few of his staff, and coasted in an open boat along the southeastern shore of Lake Erie until he came to the mouth of a river, which he took to be the Cuyahoga. He ascended the stream for some distance, amid many embarrassments arising from sand-bars and fallen trees, when he discovered his mistake, and found that it was a shallow river of minor importance and not noted on his map. This perplexity and delay so chagrined him and his staff that he named the river "Chagrin," a designation by which it is still known, and continuing the voyage he entered the mouth of the veritable Cuyahoga on the twenty-second of July, in the same ever memorable year of 1796, and landed on its eastern bank near its entrance into the lake. He at once with his staff as-

cended the steep bank, and beheld for the first time an elevated plain of surprising beauty that extended far away to the east, west and south of him, and that was clad with a luxuriant growth of graceful forest trees. The scene charmed his eye, and the spot where he stood, skirted as it was by the Cuyahoga river on the west and by Lake Erie on the north, suggested to him that, with these natural advantages, the locality was destined, at no distant day, to become the site of a great commercial city.

In accordance with this impression, he directed the locality to be surveyed into city lots. It included an area of a mile square. Two surveys were made of the land, under the superintendence of Augustus Porter—one by Seth Pease and the other by Amos Spafford. Each presented a separate map of his work. The one is known as "Pease's map," and the other as "Spafford's map." These original maps differ somewhat in detail, yet both are accepted as authoritative. The surveys were completed early in October, 1796. The surveyors gave to the new-born city the name of "Cleaveland," in honor of their chief. The general, with characteristic modesty, accepted the compliment.

The city, at its birth, contained three log cabins that had been erected by the surveyors for their own



CLEVELAND IN 1800.

accommodation on the hillside next to the river, and near a spring that furnished an ample supply of pure water. The resident population that settled in Cleveland in 1796 was but four; in 1797 the population increased to fifteen; in 1800 it was reduced to seven by removals elsewhere, on account of the insalubrity of the locality. In 1820, the population increased to 150; and in 1830, at the taking of the first United States census, it was found that the population had advanced to 1,075. In 1827 the Ohio canal, with its terminus at Cleveland, was put in successful operation. This improvement so enlarged the facilities of commerce as to inspire confidence and give assurance of the city's future prosperity. It was in 1830 that a newspaper called the *Cleveland Advertiser* was established. In preparing to issue the first number the editor discovered that the "heading" was too long to fit the "form," and so, in order to adjust it he dropped out the letter "a," in the first syllable of the word Cleaveland, and made it read "Cleveland." The public at once accepted this change in orthography.

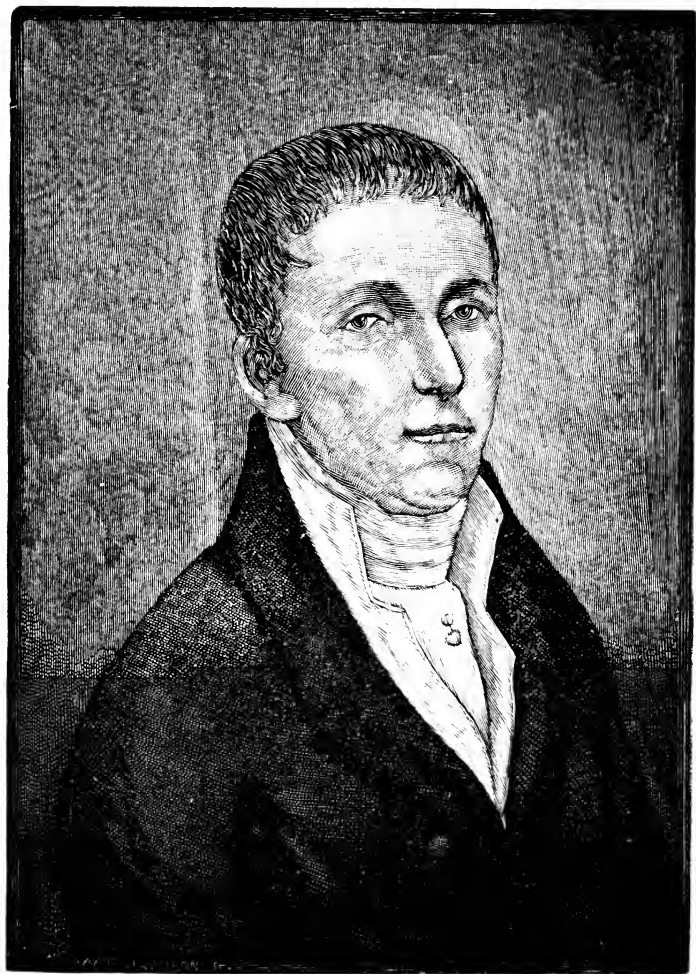
It is indeed somewhat marvelous that the city of Cleveland from a sickly infancy, and within less than a century, has now grown to such gigantic proportions as to possess a population of nearly two hundred

and fifty thousand. Its present rate of growth in population renders it impossible for any one, however much of a prophet he may be, to predict what will be the aggregate of its population a hundred years hence. It is said that when General Cleaveland founded the city, he predicted that the time would come when it would contain a population as large as that of old Windham in Connecticut, which at that time was about fifteen hundred. If the general could now see "what has come to pass," it would be interesting, if not amusing, to witness his expression of surprise.

Whatever else may be said of General Cleaveland, it is evident that he not only led an honorable life but achieved a great work. He was a man of few words and of prompt action. His morality was an outgrowth of Puritanism and as rigid as it was pure. He was manly and dignified in his bearing, and so sedate in his looks that strangers often took him for a clergyman. In complexion he was somewhat swarthy, so much so that the Indians claimed him as akin to their own race. In personal appearance he was of medium height, erect, thick set and portly, had black hair, a quick, penetrating eye, muscular limbs, and a military air in his step, indicating that he was born to command. In the social circle he

was pleasant and agreeable in his style of manners, and was always received as a welcome guest. He was a friend to everybody, and everybody seemed to be his friend. In his opinions he was decisive and could readily give a logical reason for them. He was also a man of true courage amid threatening dangers, and as shrewd in his tactics and management as he was courageous. In the midst of his usefulness and crowned with honors, he died at Canterbury, Conn., November 16, 1806, at the age of fifty-three years. He was the father of four children, Mary Esther, Francis Moses, Frances Augusta and Julius Moses Cleaveland, three of whom survived him. His was not only a career of unusual interest, but a mission that transformed a wilderness into a civilized land. In a word, his life-work commands our admiration and deserves commemoration. The city that bears his name, and whose founder he was, could hardly do a more appropriate or graceful thing than to erect a statue to his memory as an expression of her appreciation of his character and public services, and thus by honoring him honor herself.

Major Lorenzo Carter.



MAJOR LORENZO CARTER.

MAJOR LORENZO CARTER.

History is indebted to biography for the greater part of its interest and value. It is not so much what a man thinks or believes as what he does, that gives him a character. It was physical strength and a fearless spirit that distinguished the brave and the bold in the heroic age of the Greeks. It was these traits of character that gave Lorenzo Carter his renown as a valiant pioneer in the early settlement of the Western Reserve.

Lorenzo Carter, familiarly known as Major Carter, was born at Rutland, Vermont, in 1767. He received but a limited education, but was endowed by nature with sound sense and a ready mother wit. At the age of twenty-two he married Miss Rebecca Fuller, a worthy young lady of his native town. The marriage took place on the twenty-eighth of January, 1789. Within a few years after the marriage the happy pair conceived the idea of making themselves

still happier by removing to the "far west"—the mystic land of golden promise. In accordance with this resolution, young Carter and family, accompanied by Ezekiel Hawley, bade adieu to Rutland, in the fall of the year 1796, with a view to a permanent settlement at some eligible point in the unbroken wilderness of the Western Reserve. When they reached Lake Erie they crossed over with their families and spent the winter in Canada. Hawley was the brother-in-law of Carter, and both were desirous of selecting permanent homes near each other.

In the spring of 1797, both Carter and Hawley, with their families, recrossed the lake, and arrived in Cleveland on the second day of May. They were highly pleased with the appearance of the country, and especially with the beautiful valley of the Cuyahoga river. Hawley and family settled on the elevated land bordering this river, and about a mile from the lake. Carter preferred the eastern hillside, near the mouth of the river, where he erected a log cabin, which was located a little north of the present viaduct or bridge at the terminus of Superior street. Here he and his family commenced their career in the wilds of the Western Reserve, amid wild beasts and still wilder men. The Indians at this time were numerous in the region of the Cuyahoga. Its valley

was, in fact, the "Indians' paradise." The river that winds so gracefully along the vale abounded with fish, ducks and geese, while the adjoining forests afforded countless numbers of deer, bears, wild turkeys and other game, all of which were regarded by the Indians as their natural inheritance, and hence they viewed the encroachment of white men with suspicion.

The Cuyahoga originally ran through what is now called the old river bed, and discharged its waters into the lake at a point west of the new breakwater. At that early day there stood a huge Indian mound near the mouth of the river where it now runs, which, it is said, must have had originally a diameter at the base of one hundred feet, and an elevation of fifty feet. When the river left its old bed, it ploughed a new channel in a direct line to the lake, and ran so near the east side of the mound that it soon undermined it and swept it away. The existence of the mound was well known to the early settlers. Several large trees, of a hundred years' growth or more, were standing on the top of the mound in 1796, but the natives of the forest who were found here at that date knew nothing of the origin of the mound, or of the race who built it. In all probability it was built by the ancient Eries, who occupied

the southern shore of the lake east of the Cuyahoga, in an age that has no written record. The time has been, doubtless, when the lake shore at Cleveland extended several miles into the lake north of its present boundary. It is well known that the lake has encroached on the land, at Cleveland, nearly half a mile within the last eighty years. The mound was doubtless the sepulchre of some acknowledged chief who, in the lost ages, was the sovereign of the beautiful valley of the Cuyahoga.

In the fall of 1796, the original site of the city of Cleveland was surveyed into town lots by Moses Cleaveland and staff. The surveyors erected at that time two or three log cabins for their own accommodation. These cabins constituted the nucleus of what has now become a great and beautiful city. The cabin built by Carter in the following year was much more pretentious in its size and style of architecture than the humble cabins erected by the surveyors. It had two apartments on the ground floor, and a spacious garret for lodgers. Near the cabin flowed a spring of pure water, cool and clear as a crystal.

Thus provided with a rustic but happy home for himself and family, Carter felt that he must engage in some employment that would afford him a livelihood. The first thing he did was to build a boat

and establish a ferry across the river at the foot of Superior street for the accommodation of public travel. In connection with this, he kept in his house a small stock of goods adapted to the Indian trade, including whiskey. When a boy he became an expert hunter, and knew that he could rely on his rifle in an emergency, and hence he devoted more or less of his time to hunting for the purpose of obtaining valuable furs and peltries, and securing a supply of wild meat for his family. He soon distinguished himself as a successful hunter in all the region round about him. The Indians found in him an overmatch as a marksman, and a superior in physical strength. He had the muscular power of a giant, and not only knew his strength but knew when and how to use it. He stood six feet in his boots, and was evidently born to command. His complexion was somewhat swarthy and his hair long and black. He wore it cut square on the forehead and allowed it to flow behind nearly to the shoulders. He had a Roman nose, and the courage of a Roman. Yet he was as amiable in spirit and temper as he was brave. He dressed to suit himself and as occasion required. In times of danger he always found in his rifle a reliable friend. He not only enjoyed life in the wilderness, but soon became master of the situ-

ation. He loved adventures and encountered dangers without fear.

On one occasion, as tradition says, he returned from a hunting excursion and found that the Indians had broken into his warehouse, knocked in the head of a barrel of whiskey and imbibed so freely as to become drunk and dangerously belligerent. He marched in among them, drove them out, kicked and cuffed them about in every direction, and rolled several of them, who were too drunk to keep their legs, into the marshy brink of the river. The Indians did not relish this kind of treatment, and, meditating revenge, held a council the next day and decided to exterminate Carter. They selected two of their best marksmen and directed them to follow his footprints the next time he entered the woodlands to hunt, and shoot him at the first favorable opportunity. This the delegated assassins attempted to do, and, thinking to make sure work of it, both fired at him at the same time, but failed to hit him. In an instant Carter turned on his heel and shot one of them, who fell dead in his tracks; the other uttered a terrific war whoop and fled out of sight. This dire result overawed the Indians. From that time no further attempts were made to take Carter's life. His rifle was the law of the land. The Indians became sub-

servient to his will, and were confirmed in the belief that he was the favorite of the Great Spirit and could not be killed. It was in this way that Carter obtained an unbounded influence over the Indians. He always treated them, when they behaved as they should, with kindness and generosity, and when they quarreled among themselves, as they often did, he intervened and settled their difficulties.

Not long after Carter had located at the mouth of the Cuyahoga, David Bryant established a distillery near his cabin at the foot of the hill. This distillery soon became the favorite resort of both white men and Indians. In a drunken frolic which occurred on the hillside one sunny afternoon among the Indians, the chief, Big Son, charged Menompsy, the medicine man, with having killed his squaw by administering witchcraft medicine, and threatened to kill him. Menompsy, knowing that he, as medicine-man, priest and prophet, was regarded as invulnerable, replied, "me no 'fraid," and when he, at nightfall, was passing down Union lane on his return to the west side of the river, where his tribe was encamped, he was met by Big Son, who, with professions of friendship, saluted him, and then drew a knife and killed him on the spot. The friends of Menompsy, on hearing of the murder, came over from the west side with the

intention of killing Big Son, who had hid himself and could not be found. The "war whoop" was sounded, and a demand made for the surrender of the murderer. The Indians occupying the east and west sides of the river were hereditary enemies, and the danger became imminent that, unless Big Son was surrendered, a bloody fight would ensue between them. At this juncture Carter appeared and negotiated a compromise by which the friends of Big Son agreed to give the friends of Menompsy a gallon of whiskey. But, as it happened, no whiskey could be obtained, and the "war whoop" was renewed. Carter then effected a second negotiation by agreeing upon two gallons of whiskey to be forthcoming on the next day. Bryant put his distillery into operation at once, and the two gallons of whiskey were furnished as agreed. The friends of Menompsy then returned to their camp on the west side of the river and indulged in a drunken jollification that entirely allayed their thirst for revenge.

At the August term of the territorial court, held at Warren, in 1801, Carter was granted a license to keep a tavern at Cleveland on paying into the county treasury the sum of four dollars. The entire Reserve was then included within the limits of Trumbull county, and the county seat established at War-

ren. The state constitution was adopted in 1802. At the first state court, held at Warren, after the adoption of the constitution, Lorenzo Carter of Cleveland, as it appears of record, was indicted for assault and battery. He was greatly astonished when the officer arrested him and said he must take him to Warren for trial. The friends of Carter were still more astonished than he was, and resolved that he should not be taken to Warren, and proposed to resist the sheriff, asserting that Carter was and always had been an upright and peaceable citizen. The sheriff was obliged to summon aid, and finally succeeded in producing him bodily in court. It was known at Warren that Carter enjoyed the reputation of being a brave, bold and daring frontiersman, and it was supposed by the citizens of Warren that he must therefore be a dangerous fellow. But when arraigned before the court his quiet and manly appearance created a favorable impression. The charge made against him proved to be as frivolous as it was revengeful in spirit. It grew out of a dispute between him and one of his Cleveland neighbors who owned a favorite dog. Carter had discovered that the dog was in the habit of stealing into his milk-house, at the spring, and lapping up the cream from the pans. He finally caught the dog in the act, and

chastised the brute. The owner declared his dog innocent. Carter declared the dog guilty. The owner then pronounced Carter a liar. Carter instantly returned the compliment by slapping his accuser in the face. Carter frankly plead "guilty" to the indictment. The court readily comprehended the character of the quarrel, and ordered him to pay a fine of six cents and costs. This he did forthwith. He was received on his return home by his many friends with such open demonstration of joy and triumph as to convince his accuser that the sooner he removed from Cleveland the better it would be for his personal safety.

The name of Lorenzo Carter had now become well known throughout the Reserve. He was highly respected as a worthy citizen, and was, in fact, the famous pioneer of the Cuyahoga valley. He not only had the confidence of white men, but acquired an unbounded influence over the Indians. When Carter first came to Cleveland, in 1797, there were but seven persons residing in the town. Its population increased but slowly during the next ten or twelve years. It was Carter's enterprise that built the first frame house in Cleveland. He also built the first warehouse. During the early part of his career at Cleveland, his spacious log cabin on the hillside

was regarded as headquarters. It served as a hotel for strangers, and as a variety shop of hunting supplies. It was also a place of popular resort, where the denizens of the town and surrounding country held their social festivities.

The first social dance or ball that occurred at Cleveland took place at Carter's renowned log cabin, July 4, 1801. The party consisted of fifteen or sixteen couples. They came from town and country, some on foot and some on horseback, and were dressed in all sorts of style. They occupied the front room, or parlor of the cabin. It had a puncheon floor, and its walls were decorated with deer-horns, powder-horns, rifles and shotguns. The dance began at an early hour. Mr. Jones was the violinist, who, after attuning his instrument, struck up "Hie, Bettie Martin," the favorite air of that day. The mazy dance was executed with marvelous agility, and with a still more marvelous variety of steps. The refreshments were substantial in their character, consisting mainly of baked pork and beans, plum cake and whiskey, and were partaken of with a keen relish and in liberal quantities. The dance was continued until daylight the next morning, when the party dispersed, and returned in merry mood to their rustic homes. It was doubtless the fruitful result of this public ball

which brought with it, on the next Fourth of July, the first wedding that occurred in Cleveland. The nuptials were celebrated at Carter's cabin, in the same decorated parlor in which the first dance had transpired. The happy twain whose "hearts beat as one," and who wished to become one, were William Clement of Canada, and Cloe Inches, the hired girl in Carter's family, whom he had brought with him from Canada to Cleveland.

The preparations were by no means elaborate or expensive. The bride was dressed in colored cotton, and the bridegroom in domestic sheep's gray. No cards were issued, nor were any costly gifts presented. When the guests had assembled, and the hour arrived, the affianced couple simply arose and "took the pledge" in the exacting language of the Puritanic formula of New England. Rev. Seth Hart officiated. He was from Connecticut, and was in the employ of the land company, and the only clergyman who could be found to officiate on that occasion. Whether he was the first one who, in accordance with modern practice, saluted the bride with a "holy kiss" at the close of the ceremony, does not appear in the traditionary lore of the times.

At a special election held in August, 1804, at the house of James Kingsbury, Carter was elected to the

office of major in the state militia, and from that date was always spoken of as "Major Carter." This advancement to one of the enviable honors of his time not only increased his popularity, but enlarged his business prospects. In 1808 he built the first vessel constructed at Cleveland, named the *Zephyr* thirty tons burden and designed for the lake trade.

The county of Cuyahoga was organized in 1809, and Cleveland made the county-seat. The population of the town at that time was but forty-seven. Nearly three years elapsed before the county erected a court house and jail. In the meantime a small room in a private dwelling, located on the north side of Superior street, was used as a court room and the garret of Major Carter's log cabin as a jail. The Indian, John O'Mick, who murdered two white men in the year 1812, was incarcerated in this garret, where he remained chained to a rafter for several months previous to his trial. The major assumed the responsibilities of jailer and deputy-sheriff. The Indian was tried for his crime at the April term of the court, found "guilty," and sentenced to be hung on the twenty-sixth of June following.

When the day arrived on which the execution was to take place, a one-horse lumber wagon, containing a coffin made of rough boards, appeared at the door

of the major's cabin, ready to receive the convict and transport him to the gallows on the Public Square, where he was to be executed. O'Mick had frequently, after his conviction, said to the major that he would show the white men how bravely an Indian could die, and that the executioner need not tie his hands, but simply adjust the rope, and he would leap from the scaffold and hang himself. He decorated himself with paint and war plumes, and when led from the garret, sprang nimbly into the wagon and sat down on his coffin with an air of stolid indifference. He was then taken under a military escort that marched to the music of fife and muffled drum to the Public Square, where a large crowd of citizens had gathered to witness the execution. Soon as the convict arrived he was taken by Sheriff Baldwin, who, with the aid of Carter, forced him to ascend the ladder to the scaffold, where the rope was adjusted about his neck and an appropriate prayer offered by Rev. Mr. Darrow. At the close of the prayer and at the moment the sheriff proceeded to let fall the fatal trap, O'Mick sprang and seized a side post of the gallows with an iron grasp the sheriff could not disengage. Carter, who spoke the Indian language with ease, reminded O'Mick of his professed bravery and tried to persuade him to let go the post, and finally succeeded

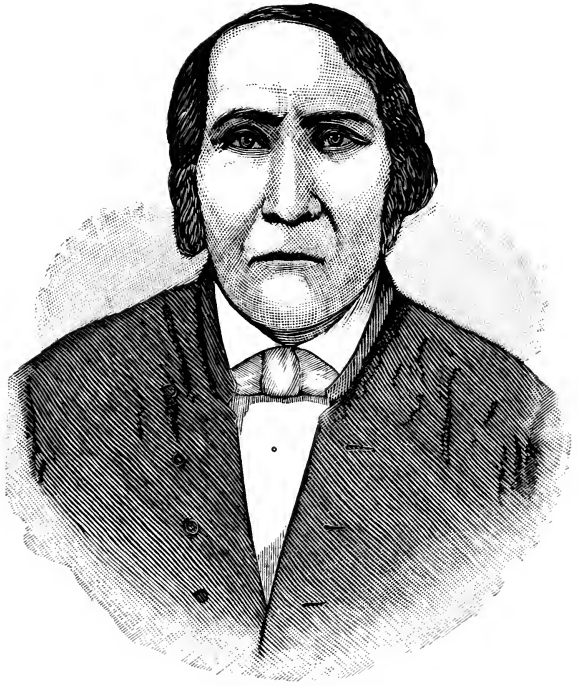
in compromising the matter with him by giving him a pint of whiskey. O'Mick drank the whiskey, and said he was ready to swing. The sheriff attempted to proceed when O'Mick played the same trick a second time, and again compromised for another pint of whiskey, which was given him, and while he was swallowing it the trap was let go and down went the "poor Indian" with a jerk that broke his neck and the rope, and left him on the ground writhing in the apparent agonies of death. At this fearful moment a terrific thunder storm, attended with violent wind and rain, burst overhead and compelled the crowd to disperse in haste. In the meantime the remains of O'Mick, whether dead or alive, were hastily buried beneath the gallows by direction of the sheriff. On examination the next morning the body could not be found. Some thought that O'Mick had resurrected himself and fled. Others thought the medical profession had secured the prize. At any rate his skeleton was, some thirty years afterwards, known to be in the possession of the late Dr. Town of Hudson. What has since become of it is not known.

Major Lorenzo Carter was the right man in the right place for the times in which he lived. No man, perhaps, could have accomplished more, or executed

his life's work better than he did, under the same circumstances. He accumulated a handsome property, and in the latter part of his life purchased a large farm, which he improved, and which lay on the west side of the Cuyahoga river, nearly opposite the termination of Superior street. This farm, after his death, became the property of his son, Alonzo Carter, who occupied it for many years, when it was sold to the Buffalo Land company and cut up into city lots. It has now become an important business part of the city of Cleveland. The major died February 7, 1814, at forty-seven years of age. He was the father of nine children, three sons, Alonzo, Henry and Lorenzo, and six daughters, Laura, Rebecca, Polly, Rebecca (2d), Mercy and Betsey. Lorenzo and both Rebeccas died in infancy. Henry was drowned when but ten years old in the Cuyahoga river. The other children attained maturity and led exemplary lives. His wife died October 19, 1827. The descendants of the major are numerous, and are not only worthy but highly respected citizens. His grandsons, Henry, Lorenzo, Charles and Edward Carter, reside in the Eighteenth ward, and others of his descendants reside in the vicinity, or at no great distance, and are connected by marriage with prominent families—the Rathburns and Northrops of Olm-

stead Falls, the Akins of Brooklyn, the Ables of Rockport, the Cathans of Chagrin Falls, the Rathburns of Newburgh, the Peets of Ridgeville, Mrs. Crow of Newburgh, and others. Major Carter and his wife Rebecca were consigned to their final resting place in the Erie Street cemetery, near its western entrance. Two marble headstones mark the spot, and also bear upon their face a brief record that is worthy of a reverent remembrance.

Rev. Joseph Badger.



REV. JOSEPH BADGER.

REV. JOSEPH BADGER.

There have been but few men in the clerical profession who have made a worthier or more exemplary life record for themselves than Rev. Joseph Badger. He fought for liberty in the Revolution, and for Christianity in the wilds of the Western Reserve. In the one case he fought with the musket, in the other with the sword of the spirit. Whether serving as a soldier or as a missionary, he proved himself sincere and steadfast in his devotion to duty.

Rev. Joseph Badger was born at Wilbraham, Mass., February 28, 1757. He was a lineal descendant of Giles Badger, who emigrated from England and settled at Newburyport, not far from Boston, about the year 1635. The father of Joseph was Henry Badger, who married Mary Landon. They were both devoutly pious, and equally poor in this world's goods. They instructed their son, Joseph, at an early age, in the catechism of the Puritan faith, and

gave him such further elementary education as they were able at the domestic fireside. He grew strong in the faith as he grew to manhood, when he began to realize that, in sharing life with his parents, good and kind as they were, he shared their poverty. In consulting his mirror he was often painfully reminded of the fact that his garments, patched as they were, displayed about as many colors as the coat of his ancient namesake. Inspired with the patriotic sentiment of the times, and desiring not only to provide for himself but to obtain sufficient money to give himself a liberal education, he enlisted in 1775, when but eighteen years of age, in the Revolutionary army, as a common soldier, and was assigned to the regiment commanded by Colonel Patterson. The regiment was stationed at Fort No. 3, near Litchmore's Point, in the vicinity of Boston. At the battle of Bunker's hill this regiment was posted on Cobble hill, in a line with the front of the American battery, and about half a mile distant, where every man of the regiment could see the fire from the whole line, and enjoy the fun of seeing the British break their ranks, run down the hill, and then reluctantly return to the charge. On their third return, as luck would have it, they carried the works at the point of the bayonet. This was the first time after his enlistment

that young Joseph had an opportunity to smell the smoke of British gunpowder. It was some time in September of the same year he enlisted, that the British landed three or four hundred men on Litchmore's Point to take off a herd of fat cattle. Colonel Patterson ordered his regiment to attack the marauders and prevent them from capturing the cattle. A sharp conflict ensued, in which Joseph tested the virtues of his musket and poured into the enemy nine or ten shots in rapid succession and with apparent effect. Several were killed and others wounded on both sides. Joseph escaped unharmed. But soon after this skirmish he took a violent cold, attended with a severe cough. His captain advised him to return home until he could recover. This he did, and within twenty days came back and rejoined his regiment quite restored to health.

The British evacuated Boston on the seventeenth of March, 1776. On the next day Colonel Patterson's regiment, with several other regiments, was ordered to New York, where they remained for three weeks, and were then ordered to Canada. They were transported up the Hudson to Albany, and thence by way of lakes George and Champlain to St. Johns and thence to La Prairie on the banks of the St. Lawrence and in sight of Montreal. On the way the troops suffered

severely from exposure to rain storms and snow storms, and from want of provisions. They arrived at La Prairie late in the day, and in a state bordering on starvation, and there they encamped supperless. The next day each soldier received a ration of a few ounces of mouldy bread for breakfast, and a thin slice of stale meat for supper. Joseph accepted his share of the dainty feast without a murmur, but doubtless thought the wayfaring soldier had a pretty "hard road to travel." A part of Colonel Patterson's regiment was then ordered up the river to a small fort at Cedar rapids, which was besieged by a British captain with one company of regulars and about five hundred Indians, led by Brant, the famous Indian chief. The Indians were thirsting for blood. A fierce conflict ensued, which lasted for an hour or more, when the enemy was compelled to retreat towards the fort. At this juncture a parley was called and the firing ceased. A number were killed and more wounded. It so happened that the fifth company, to which Joseph belonged, did not arrive in time to participate in the fight, though they had approached so near the scene as to hear the firing and see the rolling cloud of battle-smoke. Joseph expressed his regret that he had lost so good an opportunity to give his flint-lock a second trial. The

detachment was now ordered to retreat to La Chine, a French village about six miles above Montreal. Here they were reinforced by the arrival of eight hundred men, under command of General Arnold. The entire force advanced to the outlet of Bason lake, at St. Anns, where they embarked on board the boats and steered for a certain point about three miles distant. In passing, the force was fired upon by the enemy, armed with guns and two small cannon. A shower of shot seemed to come from every direction, and, as the boats containing the Americans were about to land at the point sought, they received, amid hideous yells from the Indians in ambush, a hailstorm of bullets that rattled as they struck the boats, and slightly injured some of the men. The men in the boats returned the fire as best they could. It was marvelous that none of the Americans were killed or seriously injured. "It appeared to me," said Joseph, "a wonderful, providential escape." A British captain by the name of Foster, was shot in the thigh. It was now nearly sunset when General Arnold ordered a retreat. The night was spent in making preparations for the morrow. It was near morning when Captain Foster came over to General Arnold and agreed with him to a cartel by which certain prisoners were exchanged. The American pris-

oners were returned in a destitute and forlorn condition. The pitiful sight deeply excited the generous sympathies of the kind hearted Joseph, who did what he could to comfort them by dividing his own supplies with them.

General Arnold now returned with his troops to Montreal, exercising great vigilance to avoid further surprise. He then crossed the St. Lawrence and encamped at St. Johns. Here the small-pox appeared in camp. In order to avoid the severity of the disease, Joseph procured the necessary virus and inoculated himself with the point of a needle, which produced the desired effect. Two days after the disease had appeared in camp, the troops were ordered to Chambly. The British hove in sight and began to land on the opposite side of the bay. The invalids were numerous and continued to increase. They were directed to march back to St. Johns, a distance of twelve miles. Most of them could hardly carry gun, cartridge-box and blanket, and were often obliged to sit down and rest by the wayside, Joseph among the rest. In the course of a few days the sick were transported to Isle aux Noix, at which place all the shattered army were collected under command of General Heath. From this place the troops, including the sick, proceeded amid sundry

embarrassments to Crown Point, where they encamped. Here the small-pox spread among the men, and in its most aggravated form, with fearful rapidity. The scene in camp soon became appalling. The groans and cries of the sick and dying were heard night and day without cessation. As it happened, the surgeons, for want of medicines and hospital stores, could render but little aid. In some instances as many as thirty patients died in a day, and were buried in a single vault or pit, for the reason that there were not well men enough to bury them in separate graves. The humane and philanthropic Joseph, who had previously inoculated himself with success, and thus avoided further danger from the contagion, now devoted himself to nursing and caring for his sick companions-in-arms with unwearied assiduity. As soon as the contagion began to abate, the sick were transferred in boats to Fort George, while the men fit for service were ordered to Mount Independence, opposite Ticonderoga, to erect works of defense. The mount was covered with forest trees, loose rocks, and dens infested with rattlesnakes, which often crept into camp and were killed. At this time Joseph suffered for want of the clothes he had lost in the retreat from Canada, and had, in fact, worn the only shirt

he had for six weeks, and was so incommoded with vermin that he was compelled to take off his shirt, wash it without soap, wring it out, and put it on wet. He was also scourged with an irritating cutaneous disease, which induced him to retire some distance from camp, fire a log-heap and roast himself, after anointing with a mixture of grease and brimstone. The camp was destitute of indispensable conveniences, and the hospital in which lay the sick had not a dish of any kind in which could be administered a sup of gruel, broth, or a drink of water. Resort was had to wooden troughs, or dishes, cut out with a hatchet or penknife. The colonel, in passing through the hospital, said: "I wish there was a man to be found here who can turn wooden dishes." Joseph, who understood the art, replied: "Furnish me the tools and I will do it." The tools were furnished, and Joseph soon turned from the aspen poplar an ample supply of wooden cups and trenchers. He was also often employed in making bread, and, in fact, was a sort of universal genius and could do almost anything. At the instance of General Washington he was also employed at times to aid in negotiating treaties of friendship with the Indians. But, after being transferred several times from one military point to another, and suffering

more or less from hardships, his health became so impaired that the principal surgeon gave him a discharge, and he returned to his home in Massachusetts. He soon afterward so far recovered that he reënlisted and served as an orderly sergeant in defence of the seaport towns till the first of January, 1778, when his time expired, and he returned to his father's house once more, having been in the service a little more than three years. He received, on retiring from the army, about two hundred dollars in paper currency, which was so depreciated that he could not purchase, with the whole of it, a decent coat. He then (for the next six months) engaged in the business of weaving on shares, and during that time wove sixteen hundred yards of plain cloth. This enabled him to clothe himself decently, and to spend the ensuing winter in improving his education. At this time, as he said, he "had no Christian hope," but continued to labor and study during the year 1779, when a religious revival occurred, and he acquired a Christian hope with a determination to fit himself for the ministry. Encouraged by his friend, Rev. Mr. Day, he prosecuted the requisite preliminary studies, and at the same time taught a family school in order to meet his expenses. He entered college in 1781 and graduated in 1785. He then

studied theology and was licensed to preach in 1786. He soon received a call and was ordained as pastor of the church at Blandford, Mass. He had previously married Miss Lois Noble, who was a young lady of refinement and exemplary piety. In October, 1800, he resigned his pastorship at Blandford and received a regular dismissal.

The Connecticut Missionary society, whose central office was at Hartford, had formed a high estimate of the character and piety of Rev. Joseph Badger, and at once tendered him the appointment to go, under the auspices of the society, as a missionary to the Western Reserve. This was the kind of Christian labor in which he preferred to engage. He therefore accepted the appointment, and, leaving his family at home until he could explore somewhat his new field of service, he took his departure on horseback, November 15, 1800, bound for the Western Reserve. He took what was then called the southern route, crossed the Alleghany mountains in the midst of a snow storm, and, after a weary journey, arrived at Pittsburgh on the fourteenth of December. Here he rested for a day or two, and then resumed his "journey through the wilderness," and, after a weary ride of nearly a hundred miles, reached Youngstown, one of the earliest settlements in the Reserve, on Satur-

day night at a late hour, and was kindly received. The next day he preached at Youngstown his first sermon in the Reserve. The town at that time consisted of some half-dozen log cabins. His audience included nearly every soul in town, though but a handful, who had assembled in one of the larger cabins, and who seemed pleased to receive from his lips "the glad tidings of great joy." Gratified with his reception at Youngstown, and resolving to lose no time in expediting his missionary labors, he rode the next day to Vienna, where but one family had settled; thence to Hartford, where but three families had settled, and thence to Vernon, where he found but five families. In making these successive visits he did good work. While at Vernon he was informed that Mr. Palmer, the head of the family settled at Vienna, had been taken suddenly sick and was not expected to live. There was no doctor residing in all that region of country. Rev. Mr. Badger hastened at once to the relief of the sick man and nursed him for eight days, when he so far recovered that his providential nurse could safely leave him. In this way Rev. Mr. Badger visited, in the course of the year 1801, every settlement and nearly every family throughout the Western Reserve. In doing this he often rode from five to twenty-five or thirty miles a

day, carrying with him in saddle-bags a scanty supply of clothing and eatables, and often traversing pathless woodlands amid storms and tempests, swimming unbridged rivers, and suffering from cold and hunger, and at the same time here and there visiting lone families, giving them and their children religious instruction and wholesome advice, and preaching at points wherever a few could be gathered together, sometimes in a log cabin or in a barn, and sometimes in the open field or in a woodland, beneath the shadows of the trees. At about this time he preached the first sermon ever heard in Cleveland. In response to all this benevolent work he had the satisfaction of knowing that he was almost universally received with a heartfelt appreciation of his services and with a liberal hospitality. Though most of the early settlers were poor, they cheerfully "broke bread with him," and gave him the larger share of such luxuries as they happened to have at command. Even the Indians, who were quite numerous, treated him kindly and with respect. He took especial pains to enlighten and instruct them, and soon acquired such a knowledge of their language as enabled him to communicate readily with them.

In September of 1801, he journeyed on horseback to Detroit, with a view to extend the field of his

missionary labors. On reaching the banks of Huron river, late in the evening, he stopped at an Indian hut, desiring to remain for the night. He was kindly received by the inmates—an aged Indian hunter and his squaw. The squaw cut fodder from the cornfield and fed his horse, and soon presented him with a supper of boiled string-beans, buttered with bear's oil, in a wooden bowl that was cut and carved out from the knot of a tree with a hatchet and knife. Hungry as he really was, he relished the feast. She then spread for him, on the floor, a bed of bearskins and clean blankets, on which he enjoyed a refreshing night's sleep. In the morning she gave him for breakfast a corn bread cake, baked in the embers. It contained inside a sprinkling of black beans, and resembled plum cake. While he was eating, he expressed his admiration of the bread. The squaw replied: "Eat, it is good; it is such bread as God gives the Indians." He then resumed his journey to Detroit, where he remained a few days. While there, and while on his way to and from there, he held religious interviews with all he met, who were willing to converse in relation to their spiritual welfare, whether white men or Indians, but found no one, as he said, in all that region whom he could regard as a Christian, "except a black man, who ap-

peared pious." On his return he visited Hudson, where he found a few professors of religion. Here he organized a church, consisting of ten males and six females. This was the first church organized in the Western Reserve. The next morning, October 25, he took his departure from the Reserve, and returned by way of Buffalo to his family in New England, preaching as he went at such settlements as offered a favorable opportunity. He arrived at home January 1, 1802, after an absence of thirteen months and fifteen days. He found his dear family all well, and, like David of old, blessed the Lord who had "redeemed his life from destruction and crowned him with loving kindness and tender mercies."

Soon after his arrival, he visited Hartford and reported to the missionary society what he had done and the character of his work, and agreed to return with his family to the same field of missionary labor, and for such compensation as the society chose to allow him, which was but seven dollars per week. This was, at that time, considered a sufficient sum to meet the current expenses of himself and family. He exchanged his former homestead at Blandford for land in the Western Reserve. On the twenty-third of February, 1802, he started on his journey to the Western Reserve in a wagon drawn by four horses

and loaded with a few household goods, his wife and six children, and himself driving the team. He took the route leading through the state of New York to Buffalo, and thence followed the southerly shore of Lake Erie to Austinburgh, in the Reserve, where he and his family were received with a hearty welcome to the home and hospitalities of his friend, Colonel Eliphalet Austin. He accomplished the journey, a distance of six hundred miles, in sixty days. This was traveling at a pretty rapid rate, as was then thought. He remarked, when he had reached the hospitable home of his friend Austin, that he and his family seemed destined to share God's promise to his ancient Israel: "And they shall dwell safely in the wilderness and sleep in the woods."

He now purchased a small lot of land in Austinburgh, and soon, with the aid of a few kind settlers, erected a log cabin in which to shelter his family. He found it difficult to procure sufficient provisions, but soon succeeded in obtaining a sack of coarse flour in the vicinity, and hearing of a barrel of pork for sale at Painesville, he sent a man with a team thirty miles through the woods to purchase it, and paid twenty silver dollars for it, and found on opening it that it contained the "whole hog," feet, head, snout and ears, and weighed but one hundred and

seventy pounds. This, with the milk from two cows that were pastured in the woods and sometimes missed for a day or two, was all the provision he could make for his family when it became necessary for him to leave them and enter upon his missionary labors in other parts of the Reserve. He visited Mentor, Chagrin and other settlements. At Euclid he found a family by the name of Burke, who had resided in a lone situation in the woods for over three years in so destitute a condition that the wife had been obliged to spin cattle's hair and weave it into blankets to cover her children's bed and save them from suffering in cold weather. At Newburgh he visited five families, the only residents in the place, but discovered to his regret "no apparent piety among any of them. They all seemed to glory in their infidelity." He continued visiting families and preaching throughout the southeastern part of the Reserve, and establishing churches. He called on his return at "Perkins' Station" in Trumbull county, where an election was pending and a goodly number of voters present. He was invited to dine with them. All took their seats and began to help themselves, when he interrupted them and remarked: "Gentlemen, if you will attend with Christian decency, and hear me invoke the blessing of God, I

will sit down with you, otherwise I cannot." Knives and forks were instantly laid down and a blessing invoked. The dinner was then discussed with a keen relish by the assemblage, who seemed to appreciate the fact that "blessings sometimes come in disguise." He then continued on his way home. Soon after this a revival commenced in most of the infant settlements, and his missionary labors were largely increased.

In some of the settlements the revival was attended with miraculous power. In many instances the converts were stricken down in convulsions, groaned in apparent agonies, and tore their hair; and in other instances they fell in a trance, saw visions, awoke and leaped for joy, shouting long and loud, "Glory to God." All this surprised the itinerant missionary and presented him with a problem which he could not solve; yet, being a disciple of the "Calvinistic school" and charitably inclined, he attributed the "spasmodic demonstrations" to the mysterious workings of the Holy Spirit. The people far and near partook of the excitement and flocked to hear him. On one occasion he preached to an audience of five hundred. Though some scoffed, many professed to have experienced religion. The general impression was in those days that conversion consisted in expe-

riencing some sudden and mysterious shock—a Puritanic idea that is now held to be absurd—yet this wild excitement doubtless produced some good fruit, if not a “rich harvest.” Be this as it may, Rev. Mr. Badger persevered in extending his labors and, between June 18 and July 1 of the year 1802, rode two hundred miles, preached eight sermons and administered two sacraments. In riding through the dense woodlands, especially after nightfall, he was often followed by hungry wolves and bears, manifesting a desire to cultivate a toothsome acquaintance with him. On one occasion, when riding through a dark and pathless forest late at night, along the banks of Grand river, and drenched with rain, he discovered by the sound of distinct footsteps that some large animal was following him. He stopped his horse, turned on the saddle, and with loud vociferations and clapping of hands attempted to frighten the animal away, but, instead of the noise having the desired effect, the bear, as it proved to be, sprang towards him with hair standing on end and with eyes flashing fire. At this critical juncture, as Rev. Mr. Badger states in his diary: “I had no weapon of defense. I thought best to leave the ground, turned to the left and walked my horse partly by the bear, when the brute stepped directly on behind me and

within a few paces. By this time it had become so dark that I could see nothing, not even my hand holding the bridle, and the bear was still snapping his teeth and approaching nearer. I had in my hand a large, heavy horseshoe, took aim by his nose and threw the shoe, but effected no alarm of the enemy. To ride away was impossible in a pathless wood, thick with brush and fallen timber. I concluded to resort to a tree if I could find one. I reined my horse first to the right and then to the left, at which instant some sloping limbs brushed my hat. On feeling them I found them to be long, pliable beech limbs. I reined my horse again and came with his shoulder close to the tree. I tied the bridle to the limbs, raised myself on the saddle, and by aid of the small limbs began to climb. I soon got hold of a limb large enough to bear me, and at this instant the evil beast came to the tree with violent snuffing and snapping. I fixed my stand on the limb, took out a sharp knife, the only weapon I had, and prepared for battle. But I soon heard the bear snuffing near the horse's nose as he was crunching the boughs and leaves within his reach. I then ascended about forty feet, as near the top of the tree as I thought was safe, found a convenient place to sit on a limb, and then tied myself with a large bandanna to the tree,

so as not to fall if I fell into a drowse. The bear continued smelling at the horse until he had passed around him to the opposite side of the tree, and all was still but the champing of the horse. By the roaring of the wind it appeared that a heavy gust was approaching. It soon began to rain powerfully, with wind and heavy peals of thunder. At this time the horse shook himself, which startled the bear to a quick rush for a few rods, when he stopped and violently snapped his teeth, and there remained until a few minutes before daylight, when he went off. My horse, standing as he did at the foot of the tree, without moving a foot from the place where I left him, and in no way frightened by the approach and management of the bear, seemed to be peculiarly providential. This was the only time I was disturbed in camping out many times. As soon as I could see to take my course, I mounted my horse and arrived at my house, about six miles from my lodging place in the tree, with a pretty good appetite for breakfast. Having in my saddle-bags two volumes of the 'Ohio State Laws,' it was remarked by some of my friends that the old bear did not like so near a 'union of church and state.' "

Rev. Mr. Badger continued his missionary work with zeal and with highly encouraging prospects.

He organized many churches and schools and distributed many Bibles and school books, and often assisted the settlers in erecting their log cabins and in securing their harvests. In 1804 the missionary society reduced his compensation to six dollars a week, being the same they allowed their missionaries nearer home. This he did not relish, but accepted the reduced pittance, remarking that he would go on with his work and trust to Him who "feeds the ravens." At this time he was obliged to pay at the rate of sixteen dollars a barrel for salt pork, though the other provisions were comparatively cheap and plenty. Early in the spring of 1809 his house was burned, and nothing saved but two beds and a few articles of clothing. He at once built a small cabin, with the generous aid of his neighbors, and moved his family into it, without bedstead, table, knife, fork or spoon. In June of the same year he returned to Hartford, Connecticut, and made a final settlement with the Connecticut missionary society, and received an honorable discharge from further services as a missionary under its auspices. He then proposed to engage in missionary work among the Indians west of the Cuyahoga, known as the Wyandots, and having, within a short time, received cash donations from the Massachusetts Missionary society to the amount of over a

thousand dollars, he returned to the Reserve and commenced his missionary labors among the Indians at Upper Sandusky, which he regarded as a central point, and from which he extended his labors in the region round about so as to include all the Indian villages in the vicinity of the lake, from the west side of the Cuyahoga river to the city of Detroit. This mission was called the "Wyandot Mission." His labors in this missionary field consisted mainly in visiting the Indians in their lodges, instructing them and their children in the elementary principles of Christianity and in the observance of peaceful relations. He also gave them practical lessons in agriculture and other arts of civilized life, and tried to reform their intemperate habits by condemning the use of whiskey. He was a staunch advocate of "temperance in all things," denounced slavish habits and also slavery long before the latter became the subject of political agitation. In 1812 he took a deep and active interest in the war, and accepted the position of chaplain in the command of General Harrison. He also exercised a wide influence over the Indians in preventing them from making alliances with the enemy. At the close of the war he resumed his missionary labors. In August, 1818, his good wife died and left to him the care of their children. His

grief seemed inconsolable, but he soon so far overcame it as to marry in April, 1819, Miss Abigail Ely for a second wife. In the following June he took his bridal trip with her to his old home in New England, and, after a brief but delightful visit, returned and devoted himself to preaching in the eastern part of the Reserve, where he soon settled as pastor of the church at Austinburg, a church which he had organized, and which had become so large in the number of its communicants that it was generally known as the "mother church" of the Reserve. He subsequently officiated as pastor of the church at Ashtabula for some years, then at Kingsville, and lastly at Gustavus, Trumbull county, where he settled in 1825, and officiated not only as pastor of the parish but as postmaster, having been appointed to the latter office by the postmaster-general. In 1835 he resigned his position as pastor of Gustavus, and preached a farewell sermon, taking the following words for his text: "Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and peace will be with you." The sermon was a masterly one, and the audience was affected to tears. It was long remembered, and was never forgotten by those who heard it. He had now become so enfeebled by age as to disqualify him for further

service as pastor of a church. From Gustavus he went to reside with his married daughter in the township of Plain, Wood county, Ohio, where for eight or nine years, he devoted more or less time, as he was able, to missionary work in the vicinity. In 1844 he changed his residence and went to the neighboring town of Perrysburg, where he lived with his married granddaughter, and where he died in 1846, at the advanced age of eighty-nine years. In six months afterward his wife died. But two of his six children survived him.

In personal appearance Rev. Joseph Badger was tall, slim, erect, had blue eyes, brown hair, and a pleasing expression of face. In temperament and action he was quick and somewhat impulsive, yet he was considerate and slow of utterance, rarely, if ever, uttering an imprudent word. In his social intercourse he was sedate or facetious as the occasion seemed to require. He enjoyed hearing and telling amusing anecdotes. In his style of preaching he was apostolic, plain, simple and logical. In creed he was an orthodox Presbyterian. He had but one grand aim in life, and that was to do what he could to advance the moral and spiritual welfare of mankind. In a word, Rev. Joseph Badger, though dead, still lives and will ever live in memory as the early

western missionary whose philanthropic and life-long labors were prompted by the spirit of a true Christian manhood.

Homes in the Wilderness.

HOMES IN THE WILDERNESS.

A little less than a century ago the Western Reserve lay cradled in the silence of her own native solitude. It was General Moses Cleaveland who, in 1796, led the van of civilization into the wilds of her untrodden recesses.

The adventurers who followed this modern Moses came from the barren hills and narrow vales of New England. They were intelligent and enterprising agriculturists, who desired to become dwellers in a more fertile land, and who brought with them their families, with a view to permanent settlement. They purchased here and there wild farms, or tracts of land, throughout the Reserve, erected for themselves log cabins, and commenced life in the wilderness, with a determination to achieve success. A few of them, however, concentrated at different points and laid the foundations of prospective towns.

In the wake of these primitive adventurers came a scanty supply of merchants and mechanics, who

located in the prospective towns. Immigration continued to increase. A tavern, a dry goods shop and a blacksmith shop, with as many log dwellings, constituted a village or town, and, of course, became the central point of association and trade. These central points were soon graced with accessions of more aristocratic pretensions. Saturdays and Sundays were the social days of the week, in which the sparse population of the vicinity visited the towns for business purposes, or for the sake of hearing the news and having a social interview with each other. Not many years elapsed before these infant towns were supplied with a liberal endowment of lawyers and doctors, interspersed with a few clergymen. They came with the hope of achieving professional success. The learned professions may be a public necessity. At any rate they seem to be inevitable appendages to an advancing civilization.

Most of the early pioneers were comparatively poor, and came into the wilderness with slender outfits. In one sense, however, they were rich. They had brave hearts and strong hands. They brought with them their families and a few household goods, packed in canvas-covered wagons drawn by oxen or horses. Their journey from the east occupied from six to eight weeks. The route which most of them

took led through the wilds of western New York and along the southern shore of Lake Erie. Some came by way of the lakes, while others came by land. They encountered formidable embarrassments on the way, especially those who came by land. The roads were but old Indian trails, the mud deep and the rivers unbridged. On arriving at the home spot of their selection in the wilderness, they at once, after erecting a log cabin, cleared away a patch of the forest about it, and let in a patch of sunlight to cheer the wild outlook of their isolation. The rivers abounded with fish and the woodlands with game. From these sources they were supplied with meat. From year to year they cleared a few additional acres of land, until a spacious and productive farm smiled about them, stocked with cattle, horses, hogs and sheep, and thus by dint of patient industry and the practice of a rigid economy, soon acquired a healthful homestead, together with all the substantial comforts of life. The log cabin and log barn gave place to a spacious frame house and barn, and in less than a half century every part of the Western Reserve became dotted with the happy homes of civilized life.

In accomplishing all this, the original pioneers endured hardships and suffered privations which may be imagined, perhaps, but cannot be expressed in

words. Some idea, however, of their career and perplexing embarrassments may be derived from their experiences. The following citations from the history of their times will illustrate, to some extent, their trials, haps and mishaps, while engaged in subduing the asperities of an inhospitable wilderness and converting it into a paradise of fruits and flowers and social enjoyment.

David McConoughey was of Scotch descent. He removed in 1810 from Blandford, Massachusetts, to the Western Reserve, and brought with him his family, consisting of his wife and six children. He left Blandford in the month of November. The journey at that season of the year was extremely tedious and dreary. They traveled nearly six hundred miles through mud and snow, with one yoke of oxen and one horse attached to a wagon laden with the family and a few goods and supplies, and were fifty-three days on the way. No account has been given of what occurred while on their journey, save of the last night, which was spent in the woods in Bedford, the second town west of Bainbridge, where they encamped for the night, and were serenaded through the weary hours by a pack of hungry wolves that seemed chanting their own death-song, while the heroic members of the immigrant family assailed

them with guns and clubs and exterminated most of them. On the first of January, 1811, the family arrived at the cabin of Samuel McConoughey, a younger brother of David, who had settled in the northwestern part of Aurora in 1806. Here the family remained till the following November.

In the early part of the year 1811, David purchased one hundred acres of land of Benjamin Gorham, in the southeast corner of Bainbridge, Geauga county. Upon this land the father and sons commenced clearing away a portion of the forest and building a log cabin, which was soon ready for occupancy, and into which the family moved on Thanksgiving day, 1811. It was a rudely constructed cabin, eighteen by twenty feet, with cheerless aspect, a puncheon floor made of split logs, a chimney with a fireplace built of stone and laid up with flat sticks and plastered inside with clay-mortar to prevent its taking fire, a chamber without floor, a roof of stave-like shingles held in place by long, heavy poles, an outside door on wooden hinges with the latch-string "hanging out," and open apertures for windows which, for want of glass, were curtained with thin white cloth, admitting but a faint light. The crevices between the logs in the walls of the cabin were wedged with split sticks and plastered over with clay-mortar to exclude the wind and drift-

ing snows of winter. All the furniture they had was a few articles which they brought with them from New England. These were by no means adequate to their necessities. They supplied the deficiency by manufacturing for themselves rude stools for chairs, a high bench for a table, and poles interlaced with ropes of twisted bark for bedsteads. The cabin fireplace was broad and deep, so as to receive huge back logs, which were drawn into the cabin through the doorway in winter on a handsled, and often by horse power. The small wood was then piled in front, and in this way a comfortable fire was kept up by day and preserved in the burning back log during the night. For a time this McConoughey family were the only inhabitants in the township of Bainbridge. Their nearest neighbor was a brother located in Aurora township, six miles distant. The dense forest intervening was infested with bears and wolves and intersected with deep muddy creeks and black-ash swamps. This made an interchange of visits hazardous. McConoughey's wife was a remarkable woman, possessed of great energy and practical good sense. She contrived to make her cabin home as cozy and pleasant as possible for herself and family, and succeeded in proving that life in the wilderness may be a happy one.

At this time wild turkeys, deer, bears, wolves, wildcats, raccoons, opossums, porcupines, elk and rattlesnakes still abounded in almost every part of the Western Reserve. There were also several fragmentary tribes of Indians. The sons of the white immigrants soon became experts in the art of hunting and trapping wild game. A son of McConoughey named Porter and his cousin, Jarvis White, discovered, while on a hunting excursion, a large hollow tree lying on the ground with a hole in its side. The boys, thinking there might be wild game in the log, fired several shots into the hole, when the dog rushed into it and attacked a bear that had been wounded. The howls and growls that followed were agonizing, and the hunters feared that the bear would kill the dog. The father of one of the boys arrived just at that moment, threw off his coat, crawled into the hollow log, seized the dog by the hind legs, and slowly backing out, by aid of his son drew the dog, whose teeth held the bear, out with him—dog, bear and all. It was “a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether” that did it. The bear was then killed with a bear-lance. It was a large, fat she-bear, weighing over four hundred pounds. The hollow in the prostrate tree on examination was found to contain two more bears, or cubs, half the size of the

mother, which were also seized and killed. The flesh and skins of the bears were utilized, and furnished both food and bedding for the family. Fat bear-meat, when salted, was regarded by the pioneers as a good substitute for salt pork. In these early times veritable salt pork cost from sixteen to twenty-five dollars a barrel, while salt by the barrel was equally expensive.

From necessity the primitive settlers sought out "many inventions." In want of steel traps they constructed log traps in which they caught wolves and bears. These traps were four-sided, made of logs and pinned at the ends. On one side was a sliding door which could be raised by a spring pole with a baited attachment, so when the animal entered the inside of the trap and disturbed the bait the door would instantly descend and catch him. In this way thousands of wolves and bears were caught and exterminated.

In one instance a bear was caught in Geauga county in a very different manner. Two men were engaged in a sugar-camp, making maple sugar. They had left syrup in the kettle at night for three successive nights, and in the morning found the syrup had as regularly disappeared. They suspected the thief. They were well armed with a jug of whiskey, and on

the next night poured a liberal quantity of it into the syrup, tasted it and found the mixture pretty strong, but sweet and palatable. They drank freely of it themselves, and then wrapping their blankets about them camped for the night and enjoyed an unusually sound sleep. One of the men awoke before the other in the morning, and saw, to his surprise, a huge bear lying along side his companion and both dead asleep. The toddy had proved too much for the bear as well as for the men. The wakeful man seized an axe and dispatched the thief who had stolen the syrup, and then awoke his slumbering companion. Both men congratulated themselves on the result of their stratagem, and doubtless renewed their faith in the virtues of whiskey.

Thomas Umberfield and wife emigrated from Connecticut to the Western Reserve in 1798, with a family of several children, and were the first family that settled at Burton. The proprietors of the township gave Mrs. Umberfield sixty acres of land as an inducement to settle there, and though it was an unbroken wilderness at that time, Burton was declared to be in point of soil and natural beauty of location a second garden of Eden. The family came from Buffalo by boat to Fairport, sailing thence three miles up the river where they landed, and whence they

proceeded to Burton on a rude sled drawn by oxen. They arrived at Burton, June 21, 1798, and pitched their tent. Mrs. Umberfield was a beautiful woman with a young family of promising sons and daughters. In a few days, with the aid of friendly settlers from distant points who had heard of their arrival, a log cabin was speedily constructed for the family. Not long afterward the friendly Indians of that vicinity camped near the house. The chief saw Mrs. Umberfield's oldest daughter, Liney, and was smitten with her beauty. She was then but fifteen years old. The chief proposed to buy her and offered \$1,000 and his own son for her. The offer being declined, he intimated that he would steal her. For a long time her mother would not permit her to go out of the house alone. Yet the younger children often played with the Indian children, and were fond of swinging in the loop of a wild grapevine that hung from the treetops near the cabin. The Indian boys would give the swing a violent push, send it high, and then set their dogs after it, and laugh to see the dogs puzzled and foiled in attempting to catch it. This sort of sport equally pleased the white children who sat in the swing. The children of the two races seemed to enjoy the society of each other with a relish. This pleased the Indian mothers and fathers,

who were not only friendly to the white settlers, but showed a disposition to exchange visits with them in a social way. But the Indian chief, who was smitten with the pretty white girl, failed in his attempts to obtain her.

Early in the spring of 1812, a party of Indians encamped in Hampden, Geauga county, and remained till fall. The chief was a man of distinction among his people. His squaw was as gracious as she was beautiful, and received her white visitors with becoming dignity, arrayed in the richest style of decorative art known to her race. The article of dress which she most relied upon to give additional lustre to her native charms was a deer-skin cape, close fitting at the throat and flowing down gracefully about the waist. The cape was ingeniously wrought in singular devices with glass beads and porcupine quills. Hundreds of little silver brooches, with tongues like buckles, were interspersed artistically among the other devices on this cape or overgarment. In addition to this her dainty pedal extremities were shod with a pair of deer-skin moccasins, ornamented in a style quite as elaborate as her outer robe. The white ladies were particularly fond of exchanging visits with this lady squaw, who soon became quite an adept in the practice of social civilities as known to civilized life.

The truth is, the Indian possesses many noble traits of character, and when treated with the consideration that is due him, he always proves true and faithful to his friends, whether they be of his own race or of the white race. The Indians affiliate in tribes. A tribe is regarded by its members as one common family or brotherhood. The rights of each tribe, and of each member of it, are sacred, and the entire tribe is bound to defend and protect these mutual rights. When one tribe infringes upon the rights of another the usual result is "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" in accordance with the divine law of the old Hebrews. But among members of the same tribe these children of the forest have a much higher regard for the rights of property and the practice of the moral virtues than exists in any civilized land of modern times. When an Indian hunter within the territory of his tribe kills a deer, for instance, and hangs it by the heels to the limb of a tree with his mark upon it, until he can come for it, perhaps not until the lapse of several days, he is sure to find it untouched where he left it, and though another Indian of his tribe in a state of starvation may have found it, yet the starving Indian, seeing the mark of his tribe on the tempting carcass, would rather die than violate the rights of property vested in his tribal brother who

caught the game, and who might need it as much as he. But how is it in a civilized Christian community? We all know that if a neighbor should kill and dress a fat pig, hang him up by the heels and leave him hanging over night out of doors, ten to one the pig would be stolen before morning.

Enos D. Kingsley, an emigrant from Massachusetts, came to the Reserve in April, 1816, with a wife and two or three young children, and located at Bainbridge, where he built a log cabin, in which he and his young wife began life in the wilderness, with high hopes of success. In the following November his wife died. There was no graveyard in the township. Her remains were carried by hand on a bier through the woods to Aurora for interment, a distance of more than five miles. A pathway through the forest was cleared by axemen as the procession advanced. The pall-bearers, who were able-bodied men, became greatly fatigued, and frequently called the procession to a halt in order to give them time to recover the shoes they had lost in the mud and mire. Mr. Kingsley was so overcome by his sudden bereavement that his friends advised him to return with his children to New England. This he did, but remained away but a short time, when he returned to his rude cabin in Ohio.

It so happened that Mr. Kingsley, in January, 1819, was called from Bainbridge to Mentor, and, passing through Kirtland, he came to the Chagrin river, which was overflowing its banks. It was an unbridged river. He was on horseback and attempted to ford it. When about half way across the stream, he discovered a lady attempting to cross on the trunks of two trees which had fallen from either bank and so interlapped as to form a kind of artificial bridge, though a very narrow and hazardous one. The lady had, with evident timidity, reached the midway point of the merciless stream, when the young widower hastened to shore, hitched his horse, ran to her relief, and assisted her to reach the shore in safety. Her name was Miss Mary Mann, a school teacher in the vicinity, who was returning home. She expressed to him her gratitude and he expressed to her his admiration of her fortitude. This novel introduction prolonged the interview somewhat on the bank of the turbulent, though unlistening river. The parties related to each other their histories, and became deeply interested. The young widower proposed on the spot, and was graciously accepted. Within a few weeks afterward the happy pair were made still happier by a union in marriage. They at once assumed possession of the

log cabin which Kingsley had built in Bainbridge. She proved a kind and affectionate mother to his young children by the first wife, and bore him several additional responsibilities that received the tenderest care and affection.

In the course of three years after the marriage, Mr. Kinsley became so crippled with rheumatism that he could not attend to the business of cultivating and improving his new farm. He found in his school-marm wife, however, a helpmeet equal to any emergency. During his disability she not only spun, wove, and did her housework, but worked on the farm, chopped brush, cleared land, ploughed and sowed, and conducted the farmwork generally with wonderful success. In this instance she assumed man's rights from necessity, and that, too, without abandoning woman's rights, or indulging in political aspirations. She was a true woman in every sense of the word. Her husband, after some years recovered his health, and they both lived to acquire wealth and rear a happy family of children. Both died at a ripe old age, and side by side fill honored graves.

Deacon Pomeroy, in 1809, awoke one morning and found that his cattle were all missing and started in pursuit of them. They had evidently strayed from his premises, been stolen, or frightened away.

He spent the day in searching for them through the forests of Hampden, Thompson and Montville townships, but did not find them. Night overtook him and he started on a direct line for home. A pack of hungry wolves scented his track and followed him with bloodthirsty intent. They approached him so closely that he was compelled to climb a tree to save himself from being devoured. He sprang into the branches of a wild plum tree. The wolves reached the tree at about the same moment. They snuffed their victim in the branches, howled and began gnawing the trunk of the tree at the roots, as if expecting to cut the tree down. The deacon did not like his hungry, impatient associates, and began hallooing with all his strength of lungs for help, hoping some settler or belated hunter might hear his voice and come to his rescue. No one came. The nearest settler was John Quiggle, a mile distant or more. The deacon continued to halloo and the wolves to howl and gnaw at the root of the tree. At last the deacon was heard by Mrs. Quiggle and her children. Her husband was absent from home. She knew some one was lost in the forest and was in distress, but durst not venture out amid the darkness of night. She did what she thought the next best thing. She blew the dinner-horn—a conch shell—

loud and long at her cabin door in reply to the deacon's oft repeated halloo. The deacon awaited relief in vain. He watched the wolves all night, and the wolves watched him. He did not like this kind of close communion service. It was too close. He was not relieved till broad daylight in the morning, when the wolves dispersed and he descended from the tree, struck a trail and found his way home in safety. He said the dinner horn that replied to his vociferations at intervals during the night, though it gave no relief, was the "sweetest music" to his ear he had ever heard.

On another occasion, in the same wild region of country and at about the same time, Mrs. Margaret King was returning home on horseback through the dense woodlands from a visit to a distant neighbor, when she discovered on the way a pretty looking little black animal which seemed playful and harmless. She fell in love with it, dismounted and caught it and began petting it kindly and clasping it to her breast, when it gave a significant outcry, and its mother, a huge bear, came rushing from the thickets to its rescue. Mrs. King instantly dropped her pet, sprang into the saddle just in time to avoid serious results. The maternal bear took her cub by the nape of the neck and hastily retired into the depths of the forest

without manifesting any disposition to rebuke the affectionate regard that had been bestowed on her offspring by a lady.

All this is but an epitome of what was generally true of pioneer life in the Western Reserve. The primitive settlers brought with them little else than their Puritanic faith—a faith in themselves, in schools, in churches, and in the practice of the moral virtues. A few of them came into the wilderness with money sufficient to purchase large tracts of land. Among the few was John Ford. He purchased two thousand acres of land in the township of Burton, in 1804. Other parties had purchased more or less land in the township at an earlier date, and several families had already settled at Burton. All felt a desire to establish not only a good common school, but a school of a higher order, an academy or college. As early as 1801 Rev. Joseph Badger, the itinerant missionary, suggested the idea of obtaining a charter from the legislature, authorizing the establishment of a college at Burton. In this project he was earnestly seconded by others, and a charter was granted in 1803. In the act the corporation was called “The Erie Literary Society.” The first corporator named was Joseph Hudson and the last Rev. Joseph Badger. The Josephs of those days seem to have abounded in good

works. Whether dressed in as many colors as their ancient progenitor, does not appear, but it is evident that they were men of earnest purpose, who sought to elevate mankind by the only true method—education. In 1806, William Law donated to this infant college eleven hundred and thirty acres of land with the reservation that if the college should be removed from Burton the land should revert to his heirs. A building 25 by 50 feet intended for school purposes was commenced in 1804 and finished in 1806. It was two stories high. The lower story was used for the common school, and the upper story for the double purpose of an academic school and for religious worship on Sundays. John Ford, the rich landowner, cut and hewed most of the timber for the building. It was regarded as the most elegant and imposing edifice in the Western Reserve. Mr. Ford was the father of Seabury Ford, who was but a young lad at the time the school was established. Seabury received his elementary education at this school, and was fitted for college in its academic department. He was sent to Yale college where he graduated in 1825, and after distinguishing himself as a lawyer and statesman was elected governor of Ohio in 1848. He died at Burton in 1855. The first teacher in the Burton academy, as it was generally called, was

Peter Hitchcock. He was a young lawyer, who afterwards acquired renown in his professional career and was elevated to the supreme bench of the state. David Tod, the eminent war governor of Ohio, was also educated at Burton academy. There were many resolute young men and young ladies who, in the palmy days of the institution, walked five or six miles through the wilds of the forest to attend its classic course of instruction. The original building was burned in 1810. The trustees were seriously embarrassed in obtaining the requisite funds to rebuild. They commenced, however, the work in 1817, and after many hinderances succeeded in finishing it in 1819. The institution continued to maintain its collegiate character until 1834, when, by the influence of the Presbyterian and Congregational churches of the Western Reserve, a theological department was added to the school, though strenuously opposed by the leading men of Burton. This introduction of sectarianism proved an embarrassment instead of a benefit, and soon so reduced the patronage of the institution as to render its prospects of success discouraging, if not hopeless. This induced its removal as a college to Hudson. It was for this reason that the land endowment it had received from William Law reverted to his heirs. It now took the name of "Hudson

College." It remained at Hudson for nearly half a century, where it did good work and achieved a wide reputation. But, in 1882, a "change came over its dream," when it struck its tent and migrated to the city of Cleveland where it assumed the ponderous title—Adelbert College of Western Reserve University—and where it now considers itself comfortably and permanently settled for life. It is an aspiring institution and has the ability to accomplish high aims. Yet the primitive little town of Burton has the enviable honor of being its birthplace. It was at Burton that the irrepressible spirit of western popular education was begotten—a spirit whose influence now pervades not only the Western Reserve but the entire state.

Life in the wilderness was a life of toil, of suffering, and of deprivation, inspired by hope. It was an educated civilization that came to subdue a wilderness. It achieved its work within a comparatively brief period. Where roamed the wild beast and the savage, we now see a land of beauty and of plenty—a land characterized by a refined and intelligent population. All this has been achieved as if by magic. It is the golden fruit of pioneer labor and enterprise—a rich inheritance left to all subsequent generations.

The pioneers possessed a degree of Puritanic blood that made them invincible. They looked ahead and went ahead. They were, in fact, a peculiar people, self-reliant and ever hopeful amid discouragements, and ever triumphant amid adversities. Armed with the shield of faith and the panoply of the moral virtues, they fought the battle of life and won the victory. In a word, they were an earnest race, evangelical in character, who migrated from New England, the centre of a refined civilization. They carried the gospel with them and practiced what they preached. Their women were not ideal, but real. They handled the distaff, spun, wove, baked and brewed, knit, patched and made garments, and modestly and lovingly devoted themselves to the duties of the domestic circle, the care of their children and the interests of their confiding husbands. It was the cheering "light of their countenance" that illuminated the interior of the log cabin and gave to it the charms of a palace. The women of that day were sufficiently well-bred to grace a palace, but were content to move in their appropriate sphere. They were not afflicted with *ennui*, nor with a desire for notoriety. They had no masculine aspirations, nor did they sigh for silks, satins and laces. They were intelligent as well as industrious, and social in their

habits. On extra occasions they dressed in English calico with nice check aprons, but ordinarily in short gowns and petticoats of domestic manufacture. Yet, with all this simplicity of apparel, they were generally supplied with a rich assortment of jewelry, which they, like the Roman matron, took great pride in exhibiting—their sons and daughters—jewels whose lustre, in a moral sense, not only attracts admiration still, but crowns the memory of an honored ancestry with a circlet of light as radiant as the stars.

Western Reserve Jurists.

WESTERN RESERVE JURISTS.

There are stars in history as well as in the depths of the sky. In the early history of the Western Reserve there glitters a stellar group of legal talent that commands our reverent admiration. Yet of the many Western Reserve jurists who have adorned the bench and bar of the great state of Ohio, but few, if any, are entitled to take higher rank than Calvin Pease, Peter Hitchcock and George Tod, of the early times; and Reuben Wood, Sherlock J. Andrews and Rufus P. Ranney, of the later times. These are all representative men. They well knew that education lies at the foundation of character. They therefore began life by securing for themselves the elements of success. They were all possessed of a high degree of native tact and talent which, coupled with enterprise and noble aims, enabled them to reach a professional eminence that is rarely excelled. They were, in fact, the architects of their own fortunes.

In working out the problem of life, each wrought, as it were, at the anvil with hammer in hand, and on his own account.

“ Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.”

It is hardly necessary to say, perhaps, that biographical sketches of these eminent jurists of the Western Reserve have already been written and published, and have in fact become a part of the history of their times and of the state. In this article, therefore, nothing more will be attempted than simply to present these jurists in a group, with a brief outline of their career and the salient points of character that distinguished them.

JUDGE PEASE.

Calvin Pease was born at Suffield, Connecticut, September 9, 1776. He received an academic education and excelled as a scholar, especially in classical literature. He studied law with Gideon Granger, was admitted to the bar in 1798, and commenced practice at New Hartford in his native state. In March, 1800, he emigrated and settled in Youngstown, Ohio, then but a small hamlet of log cabins hidden away in the wilds of the “far west,” where



Calvin Pease

the law of might gave right. But this was not the kind of law he desired to practice, though well qualified physically to excel in it. He had nothing upon which to depend for gaining a livelihood but his hands and his wits. He did not seek office, but offices fell upon him like a shower of snowflakes. Soon after his arrival at Youngstown a postoffice was established there, and he received the appointment of postmaster. The emoluments of the office consisted mainly in the honor it conferred. In August, 1800, he was appointed clerk of the territorial court of common pleas and general quarter sessions for the newly organized county of Trumbull. The county-seat was at Warren, where the court held its first session between two corn cribs for the want of better accommodations. The court in its novel surroundings assumed an air of dignity that partook largely of the comical. Pease was born a wit and a humorist, and highly appreciated the situation. He was regarded as a modest young lawyer of unusual promise. He disliked a mere clerkship, and in the following October was admitted to the western bar by the general court of the territory northwest of the Ohio river. Not long after this he removed from Youngstown to Warren. In 1803 the state of Ohio was admitted into the Union. The

legislature, in organizing the state government, divided the state into three judicial circuits and elected Pease, though but twenty-six years of age, to the office of president-judge for the third circuit, in which the county of Trumbull was included. He held the office for nearly seven years and acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction of the public, except in one instance, when a constitutional question arose under the act of 1805, relative to the jurisdiction of justices of the peace. Judge Pease held that certain provisions of the act were unconstitutional, and therefore null and void. The decision created an excitement which took a political turn, especially among members of the legislature who had passed the act, and who professed to think that the judge had not only exceeded his judicial power, but had unjustly cast a damaging reflection on the wisdom of the legislature. The case was taken to the supreme court, where the decision of Judge Pease was affirmed. This unexpected result so vexed the agitators that they proceeded at once to procure the impeachment of both Judge Pease and the judges of the supreme court, but on hearing before the senate signally failed of success. The consequence was that the decision made by Judge Pease became standard authority, while his popularity as a judge was largely

increased. But he was so disgusted with this attempt at impeachment that he resigned the judgeship and resumed the practice of law at Warren, where he resided.

He was a favorite with the people of his county, who, in 1812, elected him to the state senate. As a statesman he took a prominent stand and acquitted himself with eminent ability. In 1815 the legislature elected him a judge of the supreme court for the term of seven years, and at the expiration of his term reelected him to the same office. He discharged the duties of supreme judge for fourteen years, and for the last seven years of his service was the chief-justice of the state. At the expiration of his second term he retired to private life. In 1831 he was again elected to the legislature. This was the last public office he consented to accept.

Judge Pease was a remarkable man in many respects, and happily adapted to the times in which he lived. He began life with a determination to achieve success. Nature had endowed him with enviable gifts. He excelled as a wit and a humorist, and for this reason was regarded as the sparkling centre of the social circle. He was a man of imposing presence and graceful manners, and always seemed to move in an atmosphere of sunshine. His purity of character

and integrity as a judge were never assailed or questioned. He was quick in his perceptions, and could readily grasp the most perplexing questions, and as readily apply the great principles of law and equity in the solution of them. He would never allow a just cause to be sacrificed on the altar of legal technicalities. His mind, like that of Lord Mansfield, was too comprehensive and too deeply imbued with a sense of right and love of justice to administer the law upon obsolete rules of special pleadings, especially when their rigid application would make the court an instrument of wrong and injustice. He was an admirer of the English classics, and read them with a keen relish, especially Swift and Stearne, and could repeat many of the old English ballads. He often sang snatches of them to beguile the long and tedious journeys which he and his associates on the bench were compelled to make through native forests and muddy roads in order to meet appointments in holding court in the several counties of the state. They all rode on horseback, and often forded swollen rivers at the hazard of their lives, and when belated, as they sometimes were, in reaching their point of destination, were obliged to encamp for the night in the dense woodlands. They wore green baize leggins wrapped around their legs from their heels to

their knees to protect their boots and pantaloons from an unseemly accumulation of mud, and carried in saddlebags changes of linen and other supplies, and also carried in their heads the only law library to which they had access. New questions of law incident to a new country were constantly arising for the decision of which no precedent existed. The judges were therefore compelled to base their decisions more or less on their own intuitive sense of justice and equity. It was in this way that they constructed a system of western common law which is regarded as standard authority. Most of the decisions rendered by Chief Justice Pease, so far as now known, are contained in the first four volumes of 'Hammond's Reports.' These were the earliest law reports published by the state. The judicial career of Judge Pease terminated in 1830. He devoted the remaining part of his life to professional business and the management of his private affairs. He died September 17, 1839, at his residence in Warren. Whether viewed in the light of a judge and statesman, or in reference to his career as a lawyer and citizen, it must be conceded that he was a man of mark, and in all respects worthy of the enviable honors with which his life was crowned.

JUDGE HITCHCOCK.

Peter Hitchcock was born October 19, 1781, at Cheshire, Connecticut. After receiving a common school education he taught a district school in winter and labored on a farm in summer, and in this way obtained sufficient means to give himself a liberal education. He graduated at Yale college in 1801, adopted the legal profession, and opened an office in his native town. In 1806 he married and removed to the Western Reserve, and settled on a new farm at Burton. He adapted himself to circumstances, and devoted his time to the improvement of his farm in connection with the practice of law, and for the want of a more productive employment engaged in teaching school in the winter months. In the course of a few years the population of the county so advanced as to afford him a much broader field as a lawyer. He soon acquired an extensive practice, and became known as an able and an honest lawyer. His style of oratory was not as rhetorical as it was colloquial and logical. Everybody could understand him, and everybody believed in him. In arguing a cause, whether to a jury, a justice of the peace or before the judges of the higher courts, he was always listened to with profound attention. He never engaged in the management of a cause without having

made a thorough and exhaustive preparation. In 1810 he represented Geauga county in the lower branch of the legislature. In 1812 he was elected to the state senate, and in 1814 reëlected to the same position and chosen speaker. In 1816 he was elected to congress and took his seat in December, 1817. In 1819 the legislature of the state elected him a judge of the supreme court for the constitutional term of seven years, and in 1826 reëlected him to the same office. At the close of his second term a change in politics relegated him to private life. Yet, like Banquo's ghost, he could neither be put down nor kept down. The people in 1833 returned him to the state senate, when he was again elected speaker. In 1835 he was restored to the supreme bench. For many years he occupied the position of chief justice. At the close of his term adverse political influences relieved him from judicial service. But in 1845 he was again restored to the supreme bench, and in 1850, near the close of his judicial term, he consented to obey the popular voice, and accepted a seat in the convention called to revise the constitution of the state. In this capacity he rendered valuable service, and still continued to discharge his duties on the bench. When his term as judge expired in 1852 he had reached the ripe age of three

score years and ten, and from choice, like Cincinnatus, returned to the plough, after a public service of over forty years. He died March 4, 1854.

Judge Hitchcock was beloved as a citizen, and was a truly great man as a statesman and a judge without being conscious of it. He never indulged in vain aspirations. In his physical make-up he was a man of symmetrical proportions, erect and broad-chested, with a large head filled with solid sense. He had a sedate and Puritanic expression of face that gave him the air of a clergyman. In legal lore he was profound, plodding in research and acute in discrimination. He sifted the wheat from the chaff in a law case with intuitive facility, and rarely erred in judgment. He was a man of few words, but when he did speak he always spoke to the point. He was revered by the bar, and was generally regarded as one of the ablest jurists of his times. His judicial decisions are not only esteemed as authority but as models of sound logic. They will ever remain a proud monument to his name and memory.

JUDGE TOD.

George Tod was born at Suffield, Connecticut, December 11, 1773. He graduated at Yale college in 1795. He then studied law and was admitted to

the bar and practiced law for a few years at New Haven, in his native state. He married in 1797, took the prevalent western fever of that day, and in 1800 removed to Youngstown, Ohio, a central point at that time in the Western Reserve. Soon after his arrival Governor St. Clair of the northwestern territory happened to make his acquaintance, and was so much pleased with him as a young gentleman of polished manners and fine literary acquirements, that he at once appointed him his private secretary. This brought young Tod into public notice and gave him a high position in the social circle. He remained at Youngstown until 1816, when he purchased a farm in the vicinity known as Briar Hill, where he permanently settled for life. At the first term of the court of common pleas and general quarter sessions of Trumbull county, held August 25, 1800, at Warren, young Tod was appointed prosecuting attorney for the county. His first official business at this term was to prepare indictments against Joseph McMahan and Richard Storer for the murder of two Indians at Salt Springs, near Warren. McMahan was arrested, put upon his trial and acquitted on the ground of acting in self-defense. Storer managed to escape. Tod, in discharging his duties as prosecuting attorney in the trial of McMa-

hon, displayed a degree of legal ability and a brilliancy of oratory that surprised court and jury, and at once gave him prominence as a lawyer. In 1804 the county of Trumbull elected him a senator to the state legislature. In 1806 he was appointed a judge of the supreme court. At a session of the legislature in 1808-9 an attempt was made to impeach him for affirming the decision made by Judge Pease relative to the constitutionality of certain provisions of the act of 1805, defining the jurisdiction of justices of the peace, but on trial before the senate Judge Tod was honorably acquitted. Yet the political excitement connected with this attempt at impeachment induced the legislature at its next session, in 1810, to legislate the judge, with several other state dignitaries, out of office. But the people of Trumbull county would not permit the judge to remain in private life, and in the fall of 1810 honored him with an election to the state senate. When the war of 1812 was declared, President Madison tendered him a commission as major in the regular army, which he accepted. He proved himself a brave and gallant officer, and did not leave the service until the war closed. In the meantime he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel of the Seventeenth regiment of United States infantry. When peace was

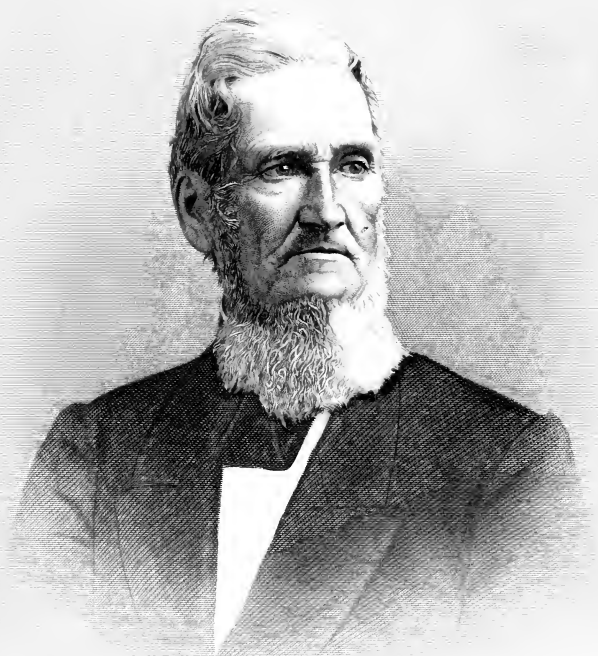
declared he resigned his commission and returned to the practice of law. In the winter of 1815-16 the legislature appointed him president-judge of the third circuit for seven years. At the expiration of his term he was reappointed for a second term. After a service of fourteen years as the presiding judge of the circuit he again resumed his law practice. In 1836 he was elected prosecuting attorney of Trumbull county, an office in which he consented to serve for a second time. This was the first and last office which he held in the circle of his official career. He died at Briar Hill, April 11, 1841. He was the father of David Tod, late governor of Ohio.

Judge Tod was a gentleman whom nature had endowed with rich and rare gifts. She gave him a graceful figure, an eloquent tongue and the spirit of a true manhood. In his style of manners he was one of the most accomplished men of his times. He was always cheerful, cordial and overflowing with pleasantries. He ranked high at the bar as a brilliant lawyer, in the legislature as a wise statesman, and on the bench as an able, upright and discriminating judge. Among the people and in the society of his friends he was always a favorite.

“None knew him but to love him;
Nor named him but to praise.”

JUDGE WOOD.

Of the later times, or second series of eminent jurists, Reuben Wood was prominent. He was born in 1792, at Middletown, Vermont. He received an elementary education at home. His father died when he was quite young, and left him to the care of his mother. When he reached fifteen years of age he felt a strong desire to obtain a classical education, and went to Canada to reside with an uncle, and while there studied the classics with a Catholic priest, and at the same time read law with Honorable Barnabas Bidwell. When war was declared in 1812, an attempt was made by the Canadian authorities to subject young Wood to military service against his own country. To this he would not submit, and, though placed under guard, succeeded, at the hazard of his life, in crossing Lake Ontario in a small boat, and in landing at Sacket's Harbor, within the borders of the state of New York, in safety. He then engaged in farm work for the summer at the old homestead, with a desire to aid, so far as he could, his widowed mother in supporting herself and the younger children left to her care. In the fall he was received into the office of an eminent lawyer at Middletown, where he completed his legal studies. He married, and in 1818 emigrated to Ohio and settled at Cleveland,

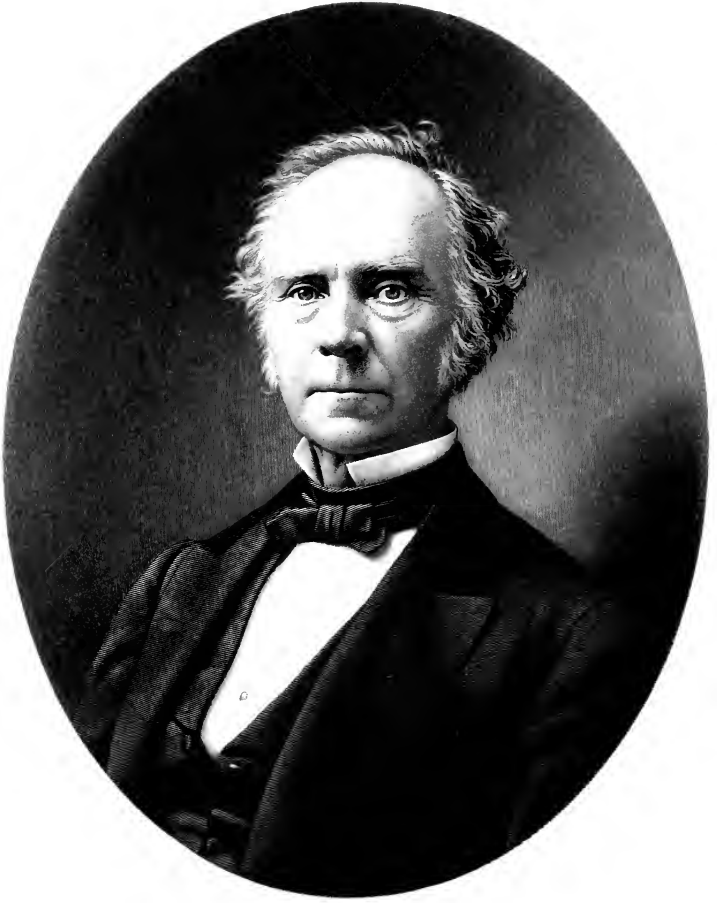


R. Love

where he engaged in the practice of law with encouraging success. In 1825 he was elected a member of the state senate, and reëlected in 1827 and in 1829 to the same position. In 1830 he was elected president-judge of the third judicial circuit, and in 1833 was elected a judge of the supreme court by a unanimous vote of the general assembly. In 1841 he was reëlected to the supreme bench by a like vote. For the last three years while on the bench he was chief justice of the state. In 1850 he was elected governor of the state by a majority of eleven thousand. In 1851 he was reëlected governor under the new constitution by a majority of twenty-six thousand. In the political field he was known as the "Cuyahoga Chief." In 1852 Marietta college conferred on him the honorary degree of doctor of laws. In 1853 he resigned the office of governor and accepted from the general government the appointment of consul to Valparaiso, South America, and for some time during his residence in that country discharged the duties, not only of consul, but of minister to Chili, to fill a temporary vacancy in the ministership, and was recognized as such minister by both governments. In 1854 he resigned his consulship, returned home and devoted himself mainly to the cultivation and im-

provement of his beautiful farm in Rockport, known as "Evergreen Place." He died October 1, 1864.

Governor Wood was one of nature's noblemen, large-hearted and generous to a fault. Nature gave him a slim, tall figure, over six feet in height, and a head replete with brains and mother wit. He was quick in his perceptions, and could seldom, if ever, be entrapped or duped. He was an excellent classical scholar, and could read Latin and Greek with about as much ease as English. He was a man of the people and honored by the people. As a lawyer he was not only prominent, but famous for his tact and shrewdness in defending criminals. In statesmanship he exhibited an unusual degree of wisdom and forecast. On the bench he manifested a profound legal knowledge that commanded public confidence and secured the universal respect of the bar, and especially of its younger members, to whom he would listen with deep interest when they were conducting a cause before him, and whenever he saw they felt embarrassed would aid them by timely suggestions. This encouraging condescension on his part was highly appreciated. His decisions while on the bench display a profound knowledge of law, and crown his life-work as one of the ablest jurists of the state.



J. Howells

JUDGE ANDREWS.

Sherlock J. Andrews was born at Wallingford, Connecticut, November 17, 1801. He was liberally educated and graduated with honor at Union college in 1821. He was an aspiring, bright young man, who had set his mark high with a determination to reach it. He chose the legal profession and perfected his studies at the law school in New Haven. He employed a part of his time while there in the service of the renowned Benjamin Silliman, as assistant professor of chemistry. At the close of his course he was admitted to the bar, and removed in 1825 to Cleveland, where he commenced the practice of law in connection with Samuel Cowles. Soon after this Mr. Cowles retired from professional life, and young Andrews formed a co-partnership with John A. Foot and James M. Hoyt, under the name of Andrews, Foot & Hoyt, a law firm which soon became celebrated and which maintained its celebrity for many years. Andrews was the gem of the firm, though the other members were regarded as able men. In 1840 Andrews was elected a representative to congress, but ill-health compelled him to decline a renomination. In 1848 he was elected judge of the superior court of Cleveland—a court of exclusive commercial and civil jurisdiction. In 1849 he was

chosen a member of the convention to revise the constitution of the state. In 1852 the Western Reserve college conferred on him the honorary degree of doctor of laws. In 1873 he was chosen a member of the second convention called to revise the constitution, and was solicited to accept the presidency of the convention, but declined to be a candidate. In aiding to frame the two constitutions, though the last was not adopted, he rendered invaluable service. He continued in the practice of law until his death, which occurred at his home in Cleveland, February 11, 1880.

Judge Andrews was a man of pure principles and noble aspirations. He was endowed by nature with her choicest gifts—wit, humor and vivacity of spirit. He delighted in the comic, even amid the serious, and could readily illustrate any argument or sentiment of his own or of others, with an effective anecdote or witticism. He was a fine literary and scientific scholar, and carried in his head a complete digest of legal knowledge. He had a quick perception, and could read human character at a glance. His style of eloquence was persuasive and somewhat impassioned. He could “point a moral,” or make a “point” tipped with a flash of electric wit that would convulse both court and jury. In this way



H. S. Kimmey

he often secured for his client a verdict when hardly expected. This was emphatically a magic power peculiar to himself. He was not only kind and courteous, but a gentleman in every sense of the word. At the bar he was a brilliant advocate, and on the bench a model judge.

JUDGE RANNEY.

Rufus P. Ranney was born at Blandford, Hampden county, Massachusetts, October 30, 1813. He is of Scotch and French descent. His father removed with his family, in 1824, from Blandford to Freedom, Portage county, Ohio, then a town in the wilderness with only here and there a log cabin. Rufus was but a young lad at that time. He worked with his father six years in clearing the new farm. The elementary education he had received was obtained in a common school. He now resolved to acquire for himself a liberal education. His parents approved his determination, but were unable to furnish him with the requisite pecuniary means. But this did not discourage him. He felt that he could help himself. He began by chopping cordwood for a merchant at twenty-five cents a cord. With the avails he purchased the necessary text books, and commenced the study of the Latin and Greek languages with Dr.

Bassett of Nelson. After completing his preparatory course of studies, he entered Western Reserve college, and supported himself by manual labor and teaching school. In 1834 he left college, studied law two years and a half with Giddings & Wade of Ashtabula county, was admitted to the bar, and commenced practice at Warren, Trumbull county. In the winter of 1836, Mr. Giddings, having been elected to congress, withdrew from the firm of Giddings & Wade, whose office was established at Jefferson. Mr. Wade then invited Ranney to take the place of Giddings in the firm, under the name of Wade & Ranney. This new firm soon acquired a wide reputation and enjoyed a lucrative practice. Ranney continued with Wade for ten years. In the meantime he married a daughter of Judge Warner. She was an accomplished young lady. In 1845 he left Jefferson and returned to Warren, where he engaged in the practice of his profession. He soon became generally popular both as a man and a lawyer. In political faith he was a Democrat of the Jeffersonian school. His personal popularity and his acknowledged abilities made him a strong man in the estimation of his democratic friends, who insisted on his accepting a nomination for congress, in 1842, in what was then known as the Ashtabula district.

After a change in the extent of districts, he was put in nomination for the same office in 1846, and, in 1848, in the Trumbull district. He accepted these nominations as a matter of duty, and not with any expectation of success or desire of office, well knowing that the opposing party was largely in the ascendency. In discussing the political questions of the day in the several campaigns, however, he exhibited a degree of eloquence and tact of logic that was as forcible as it was unanswerable by his competitors. His efforts proved the fact that if you convince a man against his will, especially in politics, he will remain of the "same opinion still." Yet, in 1850, Ranney was triumphantly elected from his district a member of the state convention for revising the constitution. The convention made him chairman of the judiciary committee. He was, in fact, one of the leading spirits, if not the Hercules of the convention. In 1851 he was elected by the legislature a judge of the supreme court to fill a vacancy. The new constitution was adopted the same year, when he was elected by the people to the supreme bench by a majority of over forty thousand votes. In the winter of 1856 he resigned and settled in Cleveland, where he resumed the practice of law under the name of Ranney, Backus & Noble. At about the

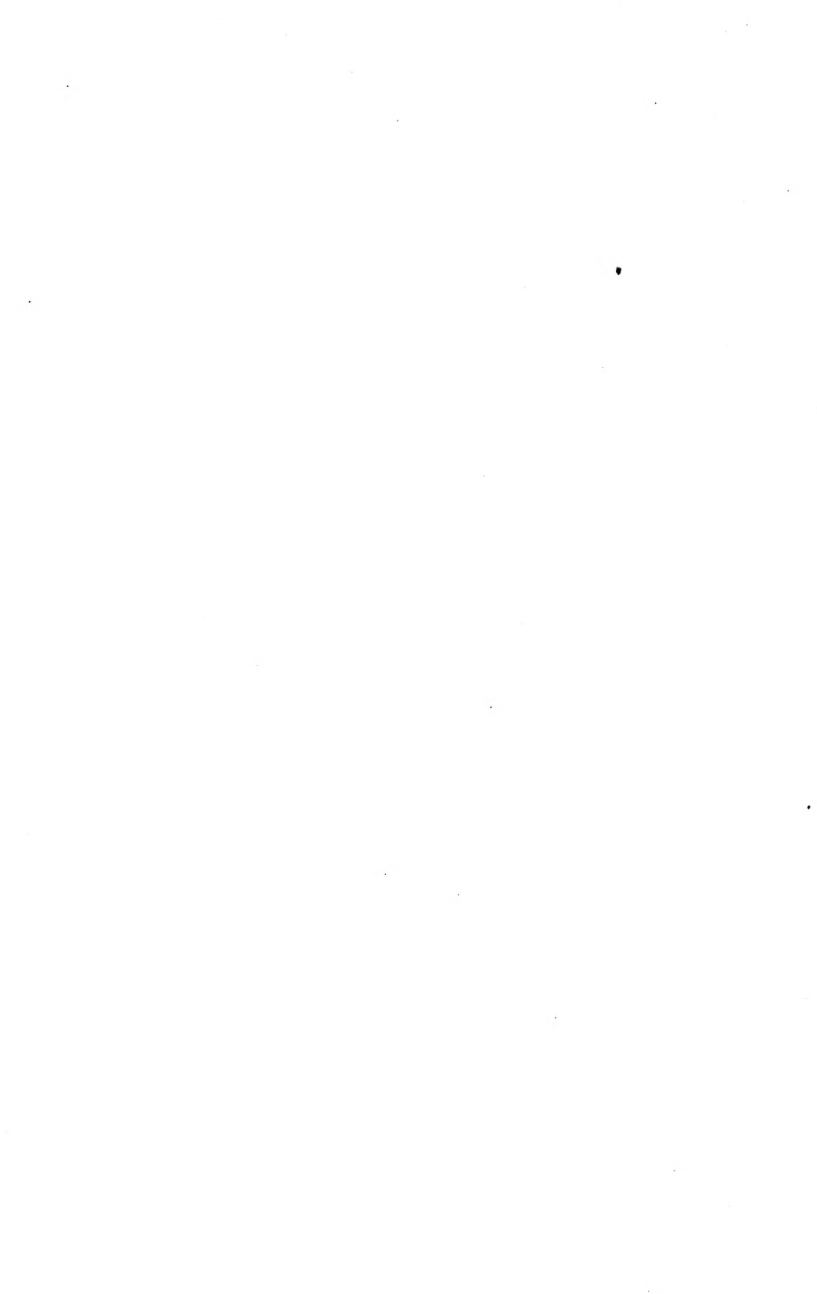
same time the President of the United States appointed him district attorney for the northern district of Ohio—an office which he held for a few months and then resigned, for the reason that he found its duties required more attention than he could give in connection with his other more profitable law practice. In 1859 the state Democratic convention put him in nomination for governor. The canvass was a spirited one, but the opposition won the victory by a small majority. He did all he could to avert the outbreak of the civil war, and, when the outbreak came, he devoted much of his time and talents in support of the Union. In 1862 his law partner, Mr. Backus, was nominated for judge of the supreme court by the Republican party. The Democratic party put Ranney in nomination for the same office. He declined, but the party continued his name on the state ticket, and he was elected. He accepted the position, but after a service of two years resigned. He preferred the practice of law, because he found it quite as agreeable and much more remunerative. In 1871 the Western Reserve college bestowed on him the honorary degree of doctor of laws. In 1876 he was chosen president of the board of managers who represented the interests of the state at the Philadelphia Centennial exposition.

At the presidential election of 1880, he was nominated a senatorial elector by the Democratic state convention, and failed of an election because the party ticket was defeated. In the same year he was chosen by a state convention of lawyers to the presidency of the Ohio State Bar association. His address to the bar at the close of his term of office was regarded as a masterpiece of true eloquence and sound logic. He is now president of the board of trustees of the Case School of Applied Science, which has an endowment of a million and a half of dollars bequeathed to it by the late Leonard Case of Cleveland. The trust is one of honor as well as of great responsibility.

Judge Ranney is still devoted to the practice of law at Cleveland. He is eminent in his profession and enjoys the confidence of the public. He seems to have been born a logician. Whatever may be the complexity of a legal question submitted to him, he at once subjects it to the test of logic and solves it upon logical principles. When he has done this it is like a nail driven in a sure place and clinched. His mental powers are gigantic and cannot be measured with rule or plummet. In a great case, complex as it may be, he always proves himself equal to its clear exposition and logical solution. Yet he is

modest, even to timidity, and does not seem to be conscious of his powers. He has all the qualities of a great statesman as well as jurist. As a politician he is severely honest, and for the sake of office would not accept the presidency of the United States. He is one of the very few who never sought an office, yet has held many important offices. The offices he has held came to him without solicitation. In all of them he has acquitted himself with signal ability. As an advocate at the bar he is eloquent and forcible, and often rises to the sweeping majesty of a tidal wave. His law practice is chiefly confined to great cases, and is both lucrative and extensive. He is not only an adept in legal science, but is acquainted with the sciences generally as well as with classical and modern literature. He is familiar with the principles of the Justinian code and code Napoleon, and also with the leading decisions of the English and American courts. He can readily cite from memory the important legal authorities known to the profession, and is himself a legal authority. While on the bench of the supreme court he elevated the bench more than the bench elevated him. He has a dignified presence, and a moral character that is above reproach. In a word, he is a man who has ripened into a noble manhood.

Footprints of Puritanism.



FOOTPRINTS OF PURITANISM.

The civilization of the Western Reserve, though comparatively of modern origin, is characterized by peculiarities that have been inherited from a renowned ancestry. It is a civilization scarcely less peculiar in its elements than it is progressive in its instincts. It aims high and has already achieved high aims. It began its career a little less than a century ago by conquering the rude forces of nature and securing for itself a land of beauty, of wealth, and of social refinement.

The spirit of enterprise that transformed within so short a period an unbroken wilderness into a land of refined civilization, must have been not only invincible, but a spirit that has rarely, if ever, been excelled in the annals of human advancement. This can only be accounted for on the basis of inherited traits of character. The civilized life of the Western Reserve has Puritanic blood in its veins, or, in other

words, has a New England parentage. One age not only modifies another, but differs from another in its thought and in its aspirations as one star differs from another in its brilliancy and in its magnitude.

Puritanism is of English origin. It was born of fanaticism—a fanaticism that believed in the right of free thought and of free action. The Puritan soon came to be a stubborn controversialist, and would neither submit to oppression nor brook persecution. The very name of “Puritanism” is significant. It was bestowed in derision by intolerant persecutors. Hence Puritanism in the land of its nativity found its environment unendurable, and, as a last resort, expatriated itself. Its subsequent footprints denote its civil and religious aims, its moral influence and the wide diffusion of its principles.

The first colony of Puritans who expatriated themselves and came to the new world, was the Plymouth colony, the veritable “Pilgrim Fathers” of New England. They sailed from England in the ship *Mayflower*, one hundred and one souls, seventy of whom were women, children and servants. They were cradled on the deep, amid storms and tempests, for eight long, weary weeks; yet, led by the “star of empire,” they safely reached the “land of promise” in the bleak month of December, 1620, and cast

anchor in the harbor of Cape Cod. This entire coast was, at that date, included in what was then known as Northern Virginia. Before disembarking, all the voyagers who were qualified to exercise political rights held a consultation, agreed upon and subscribed their names to the following compact :

In the name of God, amen. We, whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread Lord, King James, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, defender of the faith, &c., having undertaken, for the glory of God and the advancement of the Christian faith and honor of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern part of Virginia, do, by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one another, covenant and combine ourselves together in a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation and furtherance of the ends aforesaid ; and by virtue hereof, do enact, constitute and frame such just and equal laws and ordinances, acts, constitutions and offices from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony, unto which we promise all due subjection and obedience. In witness whereof we have hereunto subscribed our names, at Cape Cod, the 11th day of November (old style), in the year of our Sovereign Lord, King James, of England, France and Ireland the eighteenth, and of Scotland the fifty-fourth, Anno Domini, 1620.

This compact embraces in its elementary principles the true ideal of a pure democracy. It was this ocean-born utterance that subsequently inspired the declaration of American independence. After signing the compact the small boat was lowered, when as many of the voyagers as could be received sprang into it, eager to reach the land. The question now

arose as to which of them should have the honor of being the first to step on shore. The sterner sex—stern as they were—manifested their instinctive reverence for woman by according to Mary Chilton that honor. She was a bright, fascinating young lady, and the moment the boat reached the shore was the first to step on Plymouth Rock—

“ The rock that's firmly planted by the sea,
 Prescribing bounds where proudest waves are stayed ;
The landmark which was set to liberty
 When earth's foundations broad and deep were laid.”

If the maiden did not leave her footprint upon the rock she has certainly left it in history.

The Pilgrim Fathers were, in fact, the sons of destiny, who did not comprehend the moral grandeur of their destiny. On the basis of their compact they constructed a civil government for themselves, and recognized the right of the majority to rule by electing one of their deacons, John Carver, for governor, and Miles Standish to serve as captain of their fighting force. They selected a high ground facing the bay for a town site, and divided the entire colony into nineteen families, composed of about five persons each. And though a vast continent lay before them, they were so economical of land as to allow each family a town lot, containing for each person in the

family but a half pole in breadth and three poles in length, which was deemed sufficient for a house and garden. They first erected what they called a common house, and then private dwellings. On the hillside overlooking the infant town, in the direction of the bay, they planted a cannon for self-defence against the Indians. During the first winter fifty-five of the one hundred and one died for want of sufficient supplies, or from the effects of climate. But the remaining few, plucky in extremities, did not despair. They believed in God, in the efficacy of prayer, and especially in themselves. Their numbers were soon strengthened by immigration from their native land. They fought Indians and Indians fought them. Captain Miles Standish proved himself a valiant commander, and Plymouth colony proved a success. This led to the introduction of other Puritan colonies into the wilderness of New England, whose territory in the course of the next three or four decades was sprinkled with flourishing towns and settlements. All the colonies were founded upon a similar basis. In support of free principles they inaugurated free churches, free schools and free government. Yet they had some crotchets in their heads, peculiarities of creed and of opinion, which were the outgrowth of an elementary education obtained in England ;

hence they could not divest themselves of what was a part of themselves. And though they saw the light as "from above," yet at times they saw it as "through a glass, darkly." There was not a village in all England, two or three centuries ago, that did not have a ghost in it. The churchyards were all haunted, and almost everybody believed in ghosts, fairies and witchcraft. Hundreds were convicted of witchcraft and executed. With such a preliminary education, it is not surprising that the Puritans of New England believed in witchcraft as well as in the purification of church and state. But instead of adhering to a form of civil government purely democratic, as projected in their original compact, they unwittingly accepted a theocracy. The civil law was interpreted with reference to the divine law, and the clergy, of course, became its recognized expounders. It was for this reason that the colonies were controlled by ecclesiastical influences in matters of state as well as in matters of faith. In effect, church and state were united; the only difference was that the church controlled the state. No man was a freeman or citizen who had not united with the church, nor could he vote or hold office until he had proved his sincerity as a Christian by what was called in those days, "a godly walk and conversation." This

over-righteous morality of the Puritans was characterized by a frosty rigidity that would be regarded as quite too chilling to be endured in these modern days of relaxed discipline and liberality of thought.

But still it must be conceded that the Puritans were sincere in their aspirations and philanthropic in many of their endeavors. They sought to Christianize the Indians and to inaugurate among them a system of civil government. There were twenty small tribes located within the limits of the Plymouth colony. These tribes all spoke the same language. Rev. John Eliot took the lead in attempting their reclamation by establishing schools and churches in their midst and translating the Bible into their tongue. The following is the title which he prefixed to his Indian Bible: "Mamusse Wunneetupanatawwe Up-Biblum God Naneeswe Nukkone Testament Kah Wonk Wusku Testament." He was master of the language, and said he wrote the translation with one pen. He afterwards wrote an Indian grammar and other Indian school books, and translated 'Baxter's Last Call' into the same language. This Indian Bible was a ponderous folio, and the first Bible ever printed in America. It was printed at Boston in 1685, at a cost for the edition of £900 sterling. A copy of it is still preserved at Ply-

mouth. It is regarded as a great curiosity. There is not now a living Indian or white man who can read it. The language in which it was written is literally dead. Rev. John Eliot was the first Protestant clergyman in America who devoted his life to missionary labor. He is deservedly known in history as the "Indian Apostle." He insisted that the Indians were descendants of the Jews. He was born in England in 1603, was liberally educated, arrived at Boston in 1631, officiated at Roxbury for a brief period as minister of the gospel, and then devoted the remaining part of his life to Indian missionary work. He died in 1690.

These Christianized Indians at baptism received English names, many of which were names of distinguished Englishmen. This pleased the Indians and elevated them, in their own estimation, to the grade of white men. In fact they were regarded by the Puritans not only as brethren of the same faith, but as citizens entitled to share the same equal rights and privileges. In the administration of civil government these Indians excelled the white men in brevity and prompt execution, if not in originality, as will be readily seen in the language of the following "warrant," issued and directed by an Indian magistrate to an Indian constable :

I, Hihoudi, you, Peter Waterman, Jeremy Wicket, quick you take him, straight you bring him before me. HIHOUDI.

The Puritans were the friends of the Indians in times of peace, but in times of war were evidently actuated by a vindictive spirit. Such of the Indians as they could not Christianize they did not hesitate to exterminate, especially when they assumed a hostile attitude toward the colonies. In the course of the first century after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, thousands upon thousands of the original proprietors of the soil of New England fell in battle array against their relentless Christian invaders. Whether one race is justified in exterminating another for no better reason than that of acquiring a broader domain, is a great moral question which must be submitted to the arbitrament of theology for solution.

In tracing the footprints of the Puritans, we cannot escape the conviction that they were as conscientious as they were absurd in many of their theories. They believed in witchcraft and resolved to exterminate it, nor would they tolerate a religious faith that was not in accord with their own. The history of their times, like the sun, has some dark spots in it. The darkest spot is their persecution of Quakers and execution of innocent persons for witchcraft. Cotton

Mather, a doctor of divinity, was the principal instigator. But when the fanatical spirit of the times became so intrusive as to accuse and execute a member of the clerical profession for witchcraft, he changed his views and the tragic drama soon closed. The Puritans seemed to think that they were divinely commissioned to exterminate not only heresies, but all kinds of frivolities and immoralities, and to establish in the new world a saintly government based on the principles of a pure theocracy. This ideal of theirs is sufficiently illustrated in a few examples taken from the early records of the colonial courts:

GENERAL COURT OF MASSACHUSETTS.

1639. Ordered that no garments shall be made with short sleeves, and such as have garments with short sleeves shall not wear the same, unless they cover the arms to the wrist; and hereafter no person whatever shall make any garment for women with sleeves more than an ell wide.

COURT HELD AT PLYMOUTH.

1638. It is ordered that if any man make a motion of marriage to any man's daughter or maid without first obtaining leave of her parents or master, he shall be punished, according to the nature of the offence, by a fine not exceeding five pounds, or corporal punishment, or both, at the discretion of the bench.

Ordered that profane swearing shall be punished by sitting in the stocks three hours, or by imprisonment; and that telling lies shall be punished by a fine of ten shillings, or the stocks for two hours for each offence.

Ordered that any person denying the Scriptures to be a rule of life shall suffer corporal punishment at the discretion of the magistrates, so it shall not extend to life or limb.

1640. Ordered that John Barnes pay a fine of thirty shillings for Sabbath breaking and sit one hour in the stocks; that Thomas Clarke pay a fine of thirty shillings for selling a pair of boots and spurs for fifteen shillings, which only cost him but ten shillings; and that William Abbey be severely whipped at the post for working on Sunday.

COURT HELD AT NEW HAVEN.

1639. It is ordered thatt every one thatt beares arms shall be compleatly furnished with armes, (viz) a muskett, a sword, vandaleers, a rest, a pound of powder, 20 bullets fitted to their muskett, or 4 pound of pistoll shott, or swan shott, at least, and be ready to show them in the market place on Monday the 6th of this moneth, before Captaine Turner and Lieutenant Seeley, under 20s. fine for every default or absence.

1643. Andrew Low, jun. for breaking into Mr. Lang's house, where he brake open a cupboard and took from thence some strong water, and 6d. in money, and ransackt the house from roome to roome, and left open doors, for which fact being committed to prison brake forth and escaped, and still remains horrible obstinate and rebellious against his parents, and incorrigible under all the means that have been used to reclaim him. Whereupon it was ordered that he shall be as severely whipt as the rule will bare, and work with his father as a prisoner with a lock upon his leg so that he may not escape.

John Lawrence and Valentine, servants to Mr. Malbon, for Imbezilling their masters Goods, and keeping disorderly night Meetings with Will Harding, a Lewd and disorderly person, plotting with him to carry their masters' daughters to the farmes in the night, concealing divers unseemly dalliances, all of which they confessed and was whipt.

1660. Jacob M. Murline and Sarah Tuttle appeared, concerning whom the Governor declared, that the business for which they were warned to this court he had heard in private at his house, which he related to stand thus :

On the day that John Potter was married Sarah Tuttle went to Mistress Murline's house for some thredd. Mistress Murline bid her go to her daughters in the other roome, where they felle into speeche of John Potter

and his wife, that they were both lame, upon which Sarah Tuttle said that she wondered what they would do at night. Whereupon Jacob came in, and tooke up or tooke away her gloves. Sarah desired him to give her the gloves, to which he answered he would do so if she would give him a kysse, upon which they sat down together, his arme being about her waiste, and her arme upon his shoulder or about his necke, and *he* kissed her and *she* kissed him, or they kissed one another, continuing in this posture about half an hour, as Marian and Susan testified, which Marian, now in court, affirmed to be so. Mistress Murline, now in court, said that she heard Sarah say she wondered what they would do at night, and she replied they must sleep; but it was matter of sorrow and shame unto her.

Jacob was asked what he had to say to these things, to which he answered that he was in the other roome, and when he heard Sarah speak those words, he went in, and when she having let fall her gloves he tooke them up and she asked him for them, he told her he would if she would kysse him. Further said he tooke her by the hand, and they both sat down upon a chest, but whether his arme were about her waiste, and her arme upon his shoulder or about his necke, he knows not, for he never thought of it since, till Mr. Raymond told him of it at Manatos for which he was blamed and told he layde it to heart as he ought. But Sarah Tuttle replied that she did not kysse him. Mr. Tuttle replied that Marian denied it, and he doth not looke upon her as a competent witness. Thomas Tuttle said that he asked Marian if his sister kysed Jacob, and she said not. Moses Mansfield testified that he told Jacob Murline that he heard Sarah kysed him, but he denied it. But Jacob graunted not what Moses testified.

Mr. Tuttle pleaded that Jacob had endeavoured to steal away his daughter's affections. But Sarah being asked if Jacob had inveagled her, she said no. Thomas Tuttle said that he came to their house two or three times before he went to Holland, and they two were together, and to what end he came he knows not, unless it were to inveagle her. And their mother warned Sarah not to keep company with him. And to the same purpose spake Jonathan Tuttle. But Jacob denied that he came to their house with any such intendment, nor did it appeare so to the court.

The Governor told Sarah that her miscarriage is the greatest, that a virgin should be so bold in the presence of others to carry it as she had done, and to speak such corrupt words, most of the things charged against her be acknowledged by herself, though that about kyssing is denied, yet the *thing* is proved. Sarah professed that she was sorry that she carried it so sinfully and foolishly, which she saw to be hateful. She hoped God would help her to carry it better for time to come.

The Governor also told Jacob that his carriage hath been very evil and sinful so to carry it towards her, and to make such a light matter of it as not to think of it, (as he exprest,) doth greatly aggravate, and for Marian, who was a married woman, to suffer her brother and a man's daughter, to sit almost half an hour in such a way as they have related was a very great evil. She was told that she should have showed her indignation against it, and have told her mother, that Sarah might have been shut out of doors. Mrs. Murline was told that she, hearing such words, should not have suffered it. Mrs. Tuttle and Mrs. Murline being asked if they had any more to say, they said no.

Whereupon the court declared that we have heard in the Publique Ministry, that it is a thing to be lamented, that young people should have their meetings to the corrupting of themselves and one another. As for Sarah Tuttle her miscarriages are very great, that she should utter so corrupt a speeche as she did concerning the persons to be married, and that she should carry it in such a wanton, uncivil, immodest and lascivious manner as has been proved. And for Jacob his carriage hath been very corrupt and sinful, such as brings reproach upon the family and place.

The *sentence* therefore concerning them is that they shall pay either of them as a fine 20s. to the Treasurer.

1662. Edmund Dorman, plaintiff, entered an *action of slander*, or defamation, against Jeremiah Johnson, defendant. The plaintiff informed against him that he had heard that J. Johnson had reported at John Olvarde's house that he heard Dorman at prayer in a swamp for a wife, and being asked by John Olvarde who the person was, he answered that it was his mare. And there was other circumstances of scoffing &c.

The defendant was asked whether he graunted the thing or denied. The

defendant desired proof and that the witnesses might speeke apart. John Olvarde was first called, who tested that Johnson being at his house, he heard him say that he heard Edmund Dormun at prayer in a swamp, (by John Downes's,) for a wife; and sayde, "Lord thou knowest my necessitie and canst supplie it. Lord bend and bow her wille and make her sensible of my condition or necessitie." He asked Jeremiah who it was; he answered it may be his mare that she might be servicable. John Olvarde being asked when it was, he said it was since harvest.

Stephen Bradley being called also testified the same thing. The defendant being asked what he had to say for himself, said he thought Bradley did it out of revenge. But he was told he must prove him a false person upon the record, or perjured, or that he doth it out of revenge this time. The defendant further said he did expect some other persons that was present at John Olvarde's would have been here, therefore did refuse to make his defense further this time; and desired that the witnesses might not be sworn.

Then Jeremiah was told that it is a fearful thing to come to that height of sin, as to sit in the seat of the scorner. Therefore the court told him they would defer this business, and warned him to attend the next particular court to give answer hereunto.

Most of the early colonial courts consisted of the governor and one or more assistants elected by the people. The general court consisted of representatives from the local courts. The governor or some of the subordinate dignataries conducted the examination of witnesses. If there were lawyers in those days, they were but very few. Public sentiment was not inclined to tolerate them, owing to the scriptural denunciation, "Wo unto the lawyers." The clergy were the great men of the times. They increased

their influence by assuming an air of gravity and dignity that seemed to overawe everyone, especially children, who felt when in their presence that they were in the divine presence. The people generally believed in them and revered them. They even believed that clerical prayers could control or modify the action of divine Providence. Hence the clergy were often asked in dry weather to pray for rain, and in wet weather to pray for sunshine. Many of them, it is said, were sufficiently weatherwise not to do either unless the "signs in the heavens" indicated a favorable response to their prayers.

The first union of the colonies took place in 1643, with a view to self-protection and defence. It was this inceptive idea of what constituted a central government that led to the confederacy of the colonies and the subsequent union of all the American states. As the Puritans grew in numbers they grew in wisdom. Their towers of strength were the church and school-house. Thus fortified they fought the battle of life with triumphant results. One of the colonies hid its charter of civil rights in the heart of an oak to preserve it, and did preserve it. Another cast rich freights of tea into the ocean rather than pay to royalty unreasonable exactions. The stamp act was treated with universal contempt by all the colonies.

All were agreed in the patriotic sentiment, "millions for liberty, nothing for tribute." It was this state of public feeling that awoke the spirit of "seventy-six"—a patriotic flame that purified, as by fire, the land of golden promise from the dross of regal domination.

Though Puritanism has now outgrown most of its primitive peculiarities, yet many of its traits, like golden threads, are still apparent, not only in the texture of New England character but in the finish of Western Reserve character. It is this finishing touch that has given to Western Reserve life a moral power that wields a positive influence in the affairs of both church and state. It is a power, however, that "vaunteth not itself." The birth of the Western Reserve as a civilized land, occurred July 4, 1796, the day on which General Moses Cleaveland, with his company of surveyors, landed at Conneaut. Her territory is comparatively but a fraction of the great state of Ohio, and is located in the northeastern part of the state. It embraces but twelve counties, yet it has a population, at this time, of nearly six hundred thousand.

The truth is, the Western Reserve, in more senses than one, has achieved a brilliant career, and still aspires to a brilliant future. She can point, like the

Roman matron, with a just pride to her jewels—her many accomplished men and still more accomplished women. She has furnished the state, in the course of her career, with five governors and thirteen supreme judges, and the United States with four senators and one President, to say nothing of several United States district judges and foreign ministers. She loves progress, and has literally begemmed her entire domain with school-houses, churches and colleges. She believes in the rights of man and in herself, and takes nothing for granted. She is as cautious as she is inquisitive, and never accepts novel theories, either in science or in morals, without first subjecting them to an uncompromising scrutiny, however attractive may be the drapery in which they are presented; nor does she hesitate to assail sanctified errors simply because they are sanctified. And though she reveres her ancestry, she never allows the Puritanic element she has inherited to misguide her judgment in matters of faith or in freedom of action. In a word, she has acquired a character of her own that is as remarkable for its noble traits as it is for its originality—a character that is founded upon the broad principles of a dispassionate Christian philosophy.



Woman and her Sphere.

WOMAN AND HER SPHERE.

Woman, like a flower, sprang to life in a garden of flowers—sprang from the side of her lord, and took her place at his side, as a meet companion to share his earth-life, his joys, and his sorrows.

The Greeks believed that the gods collected every thing that is beautiful in nature, out of which they formed the first woman, and, having crowned her brow with sunshine, entrusted her with the irresistible power of fascination.

It is certainly not less pleasant than natural to believe that woman was made of a more refined material than man ; and it is doubtless true that every sincere worshiper of the beautiful delights to regard the “angel of his dreams” not only as an incarnation of all that is lovable, but as a divine spirituality—a vision from a brighter and holier sphere. An old writer remarks that, in order to make an entirely beautiful woman, it would be necessary to take the head from Greece, the bust from Austria, the feet

from Hindostan, the shoulders from Italy, the walk from Spain, and the complexion from England. At that rate she would be a mosaic in her composition, and the man who married her might well be said to have "taken up a collection."

However mystical may be the origin of woman, it is certain that we should look to the moral beauty of her life, rather than to her personal charms, in estimating the true value of her character. In her nature, woman is a loyalist—loyal to man and loyal to God. In all ages of the world, in all countries and under all circumstances, she has ever been distinguished for her patience, her fortitude and her forbearance, as well as for those still higher and diviner attributes, her love and her devotion.

"Endowed with charms which give her the power of conquest, woman ever delights in making conquests; and, though she may sometimes "stoop to conquer," she never fails to elevate the conquered. With the smile of love resting on her brow, she aims to fulfill her mission by scattering flowers along the pathway of life, and inspiring the sterner sex with reverence for her virtues and for the angelhood of her nature.

The true woman exhibits a true womanhood in all she does, in all she says—in her heart-life and in her

world-life. Her love once bestowed on him who is worthy of it, increases with her years and becomes as enduring as her life—

“ In death, a deathless flame.”

Not only in the sincerity of her love, but in all her sympathies, in her quick sense of duty, and in her devotion to all that is good, right and just, she discloses without being conscious of it the divinity of her character.

It is in sacred history that we find the earliest record of woman's virtues, acquirements and achievements. It is there that we read of women who were not only distinguished for their exalted piety and exemplary habits of life, but who often excelled even the great men of renown in sagacity of purpose and in the exercise of sceptred power. It is in sacred history that we have the earliest account of the social and domestic relations of the human family, the most prominent of which is the institution of marriage.

The first marriage of which we have any account took place in a garden, without the usual preliminaries and ceremonies which have marked its solemnization in subsequent periods of the world's history; yet we must believe that it was the most august and sublime wedding that ever occurred. The witnesses

of the ceremony were none other than the angels of God. Nature presented her choicest flowers, and the birds of Paradise sang the bridal hymn, while earth and sky rejoiced in the consummation of the "first match made in heaven."

It may be presumed, perhaps, that all matches are made in heaven ; yet, somehow or other, sad mistakes occur when least expected. Even our first parents, though placed in a garden of innocence, encountered a serpent in their pathway. It need not seem very strange, therefore, that the "course of true love never did run smooth." Yet there are but few who would not concur with Tennyson in thinking—

" 'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

In affairs of the heart there is no such thing as accounting for the freaks of fancy or the choice of dissimilar tastes. Singular as it may be, most people admire contrasts. In other words, like prefers unlike ; the tall prefer the short ; the beautiful the unbeautiful ; and the perverse the reverse. In this way Nature makes up her counterparts with a view to assimilate her materials and bring harmony out of discord. It is from accords and discords that we judge of music and determine its degree of excel-

lence. In wedded life even discords have their uses ; since a family jar now and then is often attended with the happiest results, by bringing into timely exercise a higher degree of mutual forbearance, and inspiring the heart with a purer, sincerer and diviner appreciation of the "silken tie."

There is no topic, perhaps, of deeper interest to a woman than that of wedlock. It is an event, when it does occur, which brightens or blasts forever her fondest hopes and her purest affections. The matrimonial question is, therefore, the great question of a woman's life. In deciding it, she takes a risk which determines the future of her heart-life. When the motive is stamped with the imperial seal of Heaven, it is certain the heart will recognize it as genuine and trust in it. The language of love speaks for itself, sometimes in mysteries, sometimes in revelations. It is a telegraphic language which every woman understands, though written in hieroglyphics. Hence the preliminaries to wedlock, usually called courtships, are as various in their methods as the whims of the parties. In many parts of the world these methods are as amusing as they are singular.

In royal families matrimonial alliances are controlled by state policy, and the negotiations conducted through the agencies of ministerial confidants.

In some Oriental countries, parents contract their sons and daughters in marriage while yet in their infancy, nor allow the parties an interview until of marriageable age, when the wedding ceremonies are performed, and the happy pair unveiled to behold each other for the first time. At such a moment "a penny for their thoughts" would be cheap enough. The philosophy of this absurd custom seems to be based on the classical idea that "love is blind." This may be true; yet blind though it be, the heart will always have its preference, and contrive some way or other to express it.

In some of the Molucca islands, when a young man is too bashful to speak his love, he seizes the first opportunity that offers of sitting near the object of his affection, and tying his garments to hers. If she allows him to finish the knot, and neither cuts nor loosens it, she truly gives her consent to the marriage. If she merely loosens it, he is at liberty to try his luck again at a more propitious moment. But, if she cuts the knot, there is an end of hope.

In Lapland it is death to marry a girl without the consent of her friends. When a young man proposes marriage, the friends of both parties meet to witness a race between them. The girl is allowed, at starting, the advantage of a third part of the race;

if her lover does not overtake her, it is a penal offence for him ever to renew his offers of marriage. If the damsel favors his suit, she may run fast at first, to try his affection; but she will be sure to linger before she comes to the end of the race. In this way all marriages are made in accordance with inclination; and this is the probable reason of so much domestic contentment in that country.

In ancient times marriageable women were the subjects of bargain and sale, and were more generally obtained by purchase than courtship. The prices paid in some instances seem incredible, if not extortionate. Of course, "pearls of great price" were not to be had for the mere asking. Jacob purchased his wife, Rachel, at a cost of fourteen years' hard labor.

The Babylonians, who were a practical people, gathered their marriageable daughters once a year, from every district of their country, and sold them at auction to bachelors, who purchased them for wives, while the magistrates presided at the sales. The sums of money thus received for the beautiful girls were appropriated as doweries for the benefit of the less beautiful. Of course rich bachelors paid liberal prices for their choice, while poor bachelors, in accepting the less beautiful, generally obtained the best

wives, with the addition of a handsome sum of money. In this way all parties were accommodated who aspired to matrimonial felicity.

But in these modern times most of our young men, instead of purchasing their wives, prefer to sell themselves at the highest price the market affords. Fortune hunting is, therefore, regarded as legitimate. In the mind of a fast young man wealth has a magical influence, which is sure to invest the possessor, if a marriageable young lady, however unattractive, with irresistible charms. If his preliminary inquiry, Is she rich? be answered in the affirmative, the siege commences at once. Art is so practiced as to conceal art, and create, if possible, a favorable impression. An introduction is sought and obtained. Interview follows interview in quick succession. The declaration is made; the diamond ring presented and graciously accepted; consent obtained, and the happy day set. Rumor reports an eligible match in high life, and the fashionable world is on tiptoe with expectation.

But instead of its being an "affair of the heart," it is really a very different affair—nothing but a hasty transaction in fancy stocks. And if the officiating clergyman were to employ an appropriate formula

of words in celebrating the nuptials, he would address the parties thus :

“Romeo, wilt thou have this delicate constitution, this bundle of silks and satins, this crock of gold for thy wedded wife?”—“I will.” “Juliet, wilt thou have this false pretence, this profligate in broadcloth, this unpaid tailor’s bill, for thy wedded husband?”—“I will.

The happy pair are then pronounced man and wife. And what is the result? A brief career of dissipation, a splendid misery, a reduction to poverty, domestic dissension, separation, and finally a divorce. But how different is the result when an honest man, actuated by pure motives, marries a sincere woman, whose only wealth consists in her love and in her practical good sense.

It is man who degrades woman ; not woman who degrades man. Asiatic monarchs have ever regarded woman, not as a companion, but as a toy, a picture, a luxury of the palace ; while men of common rank throughout Asia, and in many parts of Europe, treat her as a slave, a drudge, a “hewer of wood and a drawer of water,” and make it her duty to wait, instead of being waited on ; to attend, instead of being attended. Out of this sordid idea of woman’s destiny has grown, in all probability, the

custom of regarding her as property. Influenced by this idea, there are still some persons to be found among the lower classes, even in our own country, who do not hesitate to sell, buy, or exchange their wives for a material consideration. Some of our American forefathers, in the early settlement of Jamestown, purchased their wives from England, and paid in tobacco, at the rate of one hundred and fifty pounds each, and thought it a fair transaction. Perhaps this is the reason why ladies are so generally disgusted with the use of the "Virginia weed."

But the doctrine that woman was created the inferior of man, though venerable for its antiquity, is not less fallacious than venerable. It is simply an assertion which does not appear to be sustained by historical facts. It is true that woman is called in Scripture the "weaker vessel:" weaker in physical strength she may be, but it does not follow that she is weaker in mind, wit, judgement, shrewdness, tact or moral power.

The sterner sex need not flatter themselves, therefore, that superiority of muscle necessarily implies superiority of mind. History sufficiently discloses the fact that woman has often proved herself not only a match, but an over-match for man, in wielding the sceptre, the sword and the pen, to say nothing of the

tongue. Illustrations of this great fact, like coruscations of light, sparkle along the darkened track of the ages, and abound in the living present.

But, in looking into the broad expanse of the historical past, we cannot attempt to do more than glance here and there at a particular star, whose undiminished lustre has given it a name and a fame, not only glorious but immortal. As in all ages there have been representative men, so in all ages there have been representative women, who crowned the age in which they lived with honor, and gave tone to its sentiment and character.

In the career of Semiramis, who lived about two thousand years before the Christian era, we have a crystallization of those subtle attributes of female character, which are not less remarkable for their diversity than extensive in their power and influence. It will be remembered that she was the reputed child of a goddess, a foundling exposed in a desert, fed for a year by doves, discovered by a shepherd, and adopted by him as his own daughter. When grown to womanhood, she married the governor of Ninevah, and assisted him in the siege and conquest of Bactria. The wisdom and tact which she manifested in this enterprise, and especially her personal beauty, attracted the attention of the king of Assyria, who

mysteriously relieved her of her husband, obtained her hand in wedlock, resigned to her his crown, and declared her queen and sole empress of Assyria. The aspirations of Semiramis became at once unbounded; and, fearing her royal consort might repent the hasty step he had taken, she abruptly extinguished his life and soon succeeded in distinguishing her own. She levelled mountains, filled up valleys, built aqueducts, commanded armies, conquered neighboring nations, penetrated into Arabia and Ethiopia, amassed vast treasures, founded many cities; and, wherever she appeared, spread terror and consternation. Under her auspices and by means of her wealth, Babylon, the capital of her empire, became the most renowned and magnificent city in the world. Her might was invincible; her right she regarded as co-extensive with her power. Her prompt action was the secret of her success.

When she was informed, on one occasion, that Babylon had revolted, she left her toilette half-made, put herself at the head of an armed force, and instantly quelled the revolt. She was a woman of strong passions and of strong mind, and, what is now very uncommon, of strong nerves. And yet her peerless beauty and the fascination of her manners appear to have been as irresistible as the sway of her

sceptre. The fatality of her personal charms, her inordinate love of power, and the evils which arise from the indulgence of vain aspirations, indicate the lessons which are taught by her career. In the twenty-fifth year of her reign, her life was suddenly terminated by the violent hand of her own son. After death she was transformed, as it was believed, into a dove, under the symbol of which she received divine honors throughout Assyria.

It would seem that literary women were not less unknown in ancient times than at the present day. Sappho took her place in the galaxy of literary fame six hundred years before Christ. So sublime, and yet so sweet, were her lyric strains, that the Greeks pronounced her the tenth Muse. Longinus cites from her writings specimens of the sublime, and extols her genius as unrivalled. Beneficent as talented, she instituted an academy of music for young maidens; wrote nine books of lyric verse and many other compositions of great merit. But of all her writings, however, only one or two of her odes have survived. Her fate was an unhappy one. She became violently enamored of a young man of Mitylene, who was so ungallant as not to reciprocate her attachment; and, being reduced to a state of hopeless despair, she precipitated herself into the sea

from the steep cliff of Leucate, ever since called the "Lover's Leap."

In this connection we ought not to omit the name of Aspasia, who, at a period two centuries later than Sappho, emerged like a star in a darkened sky and charmed the age in which she lived with the fascinations of her rhetoric. She was not less stately and queen-like in her person than accomplished in her manners. It is said of her, that she possessed rhetorical powers which were unequalled by the public orators of her time. She was as learned as eloquent. Plato says she was the instructress of Socrates. She also instructed Pericles in the arts of oratory, and afterwards married him. He was largely indebted to her for his finish of education and elegance of manners, for which he was so much distinguished.

So charming were Aspasia's conversational powers that the Athenians sought every opportunity to introduce their wives into her presence, that they might learn from her the art of employing an elegant diction. On one occasion when the Athenian army had been disheartened, she appeared in the public assembly of the people and pronounced an oration, which so thrilled their breasts as to inspire new hopes and induce them to rally and redeem their cause.

Among female sovereigns but few have evinced

more tact or talent in an emergency than Zenobia, queen of Palmyra. She was a native of Syria, a descendant of Ptolemy; married Odenatus, a Saracen, and after his death succeeded to the throne, about the year of our Lord 267. She had been highly educated; wrote and spoke many different languages; had studied the beauties of Homer and Plato under the tuition of Longinus, and was not less renowned for her beauty, melody of voice and elegance of manners, than for her heroic deeds. In the five years of her reign she conducted many warlike expeditions, extended her empire, compelling Cappadocia, Bithynia and Egypt to recognize her authority, and acknowledge her "Queen of the East,"—a favorite title which she had assumed. Her power had now become so extended as to alarm the Roman government for their own safety, who sent Aurelian with a formidable army to subjugate and reduce her empire to a province. Zenobia, after being defeated in two severe battles, retired with her forces to Palmyra, her capital, fortified it and resolved never to surrender. Aurelian invested the city with his entire army, and in the course of the siege was severely wounded by an arrow; and being thus disabled, the progress of the siege was so far retarded as to give the citizens of Rome occasion to utter against him

bitter invectives, and to question the character of the "arrow" that had pierced him. In other words, they accused him of complicity. In his letter of self-justification to the senate, he says, "The Roman people speak with contempt of the war I am waging against a woman. They are ignorant of the character and the power of Zenobia. It is impossible to enumerate her warlike preparations of stones and arrows, and every species of missile weapons. The walls of the city are strongly guarded, and artificial fires are thrown from her military engines. The fear of punishment has armed her with desperate courage. Still I trust in the gods for a favorable result."

In this letter the stern and proud Roman general frankly admits the might of woman. Feeling humiliated and almost despairing of success, he now attempted to procure a surrender of the city by negotiation, and offered the most liberal advantages to the queen. In her reply she said to him, "It is not by negotiation but by arms that the submission you require of me can be obtained." This laconic reply was certainly worthy of a heroine and a queen. Yet after a protracted and desperate defence, and finding that her allies, instead of coming to her relief as they promised, had accepted bribes from the enemy to

remain at a distance, she saw that all was lost, and mounting her fleetest dromedary, sought to escape into Persia, but was overtaken on the banks of the Euphrates and captured. When brought into the presence of her conqueror, and asked how she dared resist the power of Rome, she replied, "Because I recognize Aurelian alone as my sovereign."

Zenobia was sent to Rome to grace the triumph of Aurelian. She entered the city on foot, preceded by her own chariot, with which she had designed, in the event of having won the victory, to make her grand entry into Rome as the triumphant "Queen of the East." But the fortunes of war subverted her ambitious scheme, and subjected her to the mortification of gracing a Roman triumph. Yet for this indignity she felt that she was somewhat compensated in knowing that her appearance in Rome would create a sensation. In the grand procession she followed her chariot, so laden with jewels and chains of gold as to require the support of a slave to prevent her from fainting beneath the weight.

After enjoying the satisfaction of a triumph Aurelian treated his beautiful captive with kind consideration, and provided for her a delightful residence on the banks of the Tiber, where she passed the remainder of her days, honored by all as a matron of rare

virtue and accomplishments. She lived to educate her daughters, and to see them contract noble alliances. Her descendants were ranked among the first citizens of Rome, and did not become extinct until after the fifth century.

Near the commencement of the fifteenth century, there appeared in France a brilliant meteor—a youthful maiden, whose development of character was as mystical as it was heroic. Joan of Arc was born of obscure parents, in an obscure village on the borders of Lorraine, and was bred in a school of simplicity. She possessed beauty, united with an amiable temper and generous sympathies. In her religious faith she was sincere, even angelic. Her love of country was ardent and irrepressible. Finding her countrymen distracted by a bitter partisan feeling, she identified herself with the patriots, and desired to secure the coronation of Prince Charles, as the only means, in her belief, of restoring the authority of the legitimate government. The reigning king had become hopelessly demented, and anarchy prevailed in almost every part of his dominions.

The rival houses of Orleans and Burgundy were contending for the supremacy, and had entered upon a career of murder and massacre, instead of adopting a regular system of warfare. Both parties invoked

the aid of the English, and an army was accordingly sent from England; but instead of relieving either of the contending parties, their interference only imposed still weightier calamities on the country. At this crisis a prophecy became current among the people, that a virgin would appear and rid France of her enemies. This prophecy reached the ear of Joan of Arc, and inspired her with the belief that she was the chosen one of Heaven to accomplish the work.

In confirmation of this belief, she heard mysterious voices which came to her in her dreams, and which she regarded as divine communications, directing her to enter upon her great mission. On conferring with her parents in relation to the matter, they advised her to abandon her mad scheme, and desired her to marry and remain with them in her native village; but she declined, insisting that the current prediction—"France shall be saved by a virgin"—alluded to her. The English army had already besieged Orleans, and all hope of saving the city seemed lost. Her friends, regarding her as endowed with supernatural powers, provided her with a war-horse and a military costume, and sent her with an escort to the court of Prince Charles, whom she had never seen, but whose cause she had espoused.

He received her with distrust, though he desired her proffered assistance. In order to avoid being charged with having faith in sorcery, he handed her over to a commission of ecclesiastics, to ascertain whether she was inspired of Heaven, or instigated by an evil spirit. Among other tests, the ecclesiastics desired her to perform miracles. She replied, "Bring me to Orleans and you shall witness a miracle; the siege shall be raised, and Prince Charles shall be crowned king at Rheims." They approved her project, and she received the rank of a military commander.

She then demanded a mysterious sword which she averred had been concealed by a hero of the olden time within the walls of an ancient church. On search being made, the sword was found and delivered to her. In a short time, with this mysterious sword in hand, she appeared at the head of an enthusiastic army, within sight of the besieged city of Orleans. The English army was astonished at the novel apparition. She advanced, and demanded a surrender of the city, but was indignantly refused; yet the citizens of Orleans were elate with joy at the prospect of relief. Joan boldly assaulted the outposts, and carried them. The besieged citizens, who had escaped outside the walls, now rallied under her

banner, and swelled the ranks of her army. Fort after fort was captured. The English fought with desperation. Joan, cheering on her brave forces, and calling on them to follow, seized a scaling-ladder, and ascended the enemy's breastworks, when she was pierced with an arrow in the shoulder, and fell into the fosse. Her undaunted followers rescued her; when she, seeing her banner in danger, though faint and bleeding, rushed forward, seized and bore it off in triumph. The English army, amazed at this, and believing her more than human, became panic-stricken, and retreated in confusion. In their flight they lost their commander and many of their bravest men. Thus, in one week after her arrival at Orleans, she compelled the English to abandon the siege. In truth, she had performed a miracle, as her countrymen believed, and as she had promised the ecclesiastics she would do. For this brilliant achievement she acquired the title, "Maid of Orleans."

In addition to this, she subsequently fought several severe battles with the English and defeated them. Even the sight of her approaching banner often terrified the enemy into a surrender. In less than three months from the commencement of her career, she saw Prince Charles crowned king at Rheims. In gratitude for her preëminent and timely

services in his cause, Charles issued his royal edict ennobling her and her family. Not long after this, the opposing faction of King Charles captured the Maid of Orleans, as she was now called, and imprisoned her in a strong fortress. She attempted to escape by leaping the walls, but was secured and transferred to the custody of the English. The University of Paris, at the instance of dominant ecclesiastics, demanded her trial on the charge of sorcery and the assumption of divine powers. The judges, intolerant as the priests, condemned her to be burnt at the stake. Her friends were overawed and failed to interfere in her behalf. The only condition in her sentence was recantation and the acknowledgment of the supremacy of the Church. In view of so terrific a death, she recanted; but hearing the mysterious voices of her former dreams upbraid her, she reasserted her faith in her divine mission; was again seized at the instance of the priesthood, and the cruel sentence of death at the stake carried into execution.

Never did a sadder fate overtake an innocent, patriotic and noble-hearted woman. Her only crime was her love for her country, and her contempt for ecclesiastical assumption. Her purity of life was never questioned. It was said of her that she never

allowed a profane word to be uttered in her presence. Her religion was a religion of the heart, too exalted for the times in which she lived. So sincere was the belief of the populace in her sanctity, that many persons made pilgrimages from every part of the empire to touch her garments; believing that, if they could be allowed the privilege, they would be especially blessed, both in this life and in the life to come.

There was no woman of the sixteenth century, perhaps, who was more conspicuous or more talented than Elizabeth, queen of England. Highly educated in the ancient and modern languages, as well as in philosophy, she embraced at an early age the Protestant faith, and in consequence of the religious jealousies of the times, encountered great opposition in her advent to the throne; and, while yet in her girlhood, suffered a long imprisonment in the tower by order of her sister Mary, who was at that time the reigning queen. But events which transpired in 1558 resulted in the elevation of Elizabeth to the throne, at the age of twenty-five. So fearful were the Catholics of her influence in matters of faith that they sent to her a distinguished ecclesiastic, who demanded from her a declaration of her religious creed. To this intrusive demand she, being an adept at rhyming, replied impromptu—

' Christ was the word that spake it ;
He took the bread and brake it ;
And what that word did make it,
That I believe, and take it."

So frank and faultless was this avowal that it confounded the artful priest, who, feeling rebuked, went away as wise as he came, if not a little wiser.

In her personal appearance Elizabeth was stately and majestic, but by no means remarkable for her beauty, or amiableness of temper. Her good judgment and discrimination enabled her to call to her aid wise men for ministers and counsellors. She patronized talent and intellect. It was during her reign that Spencer, Skakespeare, Raleigh, Bacon, and other eminent characters, flourished, giving to her times and to literature the distinction of the "Elizabethan age." The leading events of her reign amply attest her capacity to grapple with emergencies in sustaining her prerogatives and in maintaining the defiant attitude of England. She loved money as well as power, and, though penurious, wielded her power with decision; crushed domestic rebellion at a blow; removed her fears of Mary, queen of Scots, by consigning her to the block; defied the power of Spain, and, with the timely assistance of a providential whirlwind, sank the Spanish armada in the depths of the sea.

Though unattractive, her charms induced sundry

propositions of marriage, particularly from the king of Sweden, from the king of Spain, and from a young prince of France, twenty-five years younger than herself. For this young prince, it is said, she entertained a sincere attachment, and went so far as to place publicly on his finger a costly ring as a pledge of their union; but being taken soon afterwards by some strange whimsicality, dismissed him, and thus gave him leisure to reflect on the vanity of human aspirations. Yet, like most artful women, she delighted in flirtations, and always retained in her retinue a few special favorites, among whom were the Earls of Leicester and of Essex. On these men she bestowed official positions of high rank, and evidently desired to make great men of them; but Leicester proved to be deficient in brains, and Essex turned traitor, and was finally executed.

When advised to marry by her counsellors, she replied that she could not indulge such a thought for a moment, for she had resolved that the inscription on her tombstone should be:

“Here lies a queen who lived and died a virgin.”

In her seventieth year she died of grief, it is said, for having signed the death-warrant of Essex, for whom she entertained a sincere yet “untold love.”

The events of her reign wrought great changes in

the destinies of nations. By her firm adherence to the Protestant faith, she contributed much towards enlarging and strengthening the foundations of civil and religious liberty. She succeeded by her wisdom and diplomacy in circumventing the subtle machinations of rival powers. In few words, it may be said of her, that she was a noble specimen of *manly womanhood*.

Catharine I., empress of Russia, was born of obscure parents, near the close of the seventeenth century. In girlhood she was known by the name of Martha, until she embraced the Greek religion, when her name was changed to Catharine. Her father died when she was but three years old, and left her to the care of an invalid mother in reduced circumstances. When old enough to be useful, Catharine devoted her services to the care and support of her mother, and, in attaining to womanhood, grew to be exceedingly beautiful. Her mother had instructed her in the rudiments of a common education, which she afterwards perfected under the tuition of a neighboring clergyman. Among other accomplishments, Catharine acquired a knowledge of music and dancing, and soon became as attractive for her elegance of manners as she was celebrated for her beauty.

In 1701 she married a Swedish dragoon, and im-

mediately accompanied him to the military post assigned him in the war which had just broken out between Sweden and Russia. In a battle which soon followed, she was taken prisoner by the Russians. Her personal charms soon attracted the attention of Peter the Great. What became of her husband is not known, but may be imagined. At any rate, the emperor succeeded in winning her affections, acknowledged her as his wife, and placed the imperial diadem on her head and the sceptre in her hand. She soon proved herself to be a woman of wonderful tact, shrewdness and judgment, and obtained an unbounded influence over her husband. In fact, her advice controlled his action; and in following it, he acquired the enviable and lasting title of "Peter the Great." Like her, thousands of women have made their husbands great men, and often out of very indifferent materials.

After Peter's death, Catharine was proclaimed empress and autocrat of all the Russias. Her reign, though short, was brilliant. Her frailties, if she had any, were few, and ought to be attributed to the character of her favorites rather than to herself. She died at the early age of forty-two, after a brief reign of a little less than two years as sole empress. Her native endowments constituted her brightest

jewels—modesty, simplicity and beauty. It was these angelic gifts which elevated her from the obscurity of rural life to the throne of a great empire.

Here let us turn from the Old World to the New, and look into the parlor, instead of the palace, for specimens of true womanhood. It is in the private walks of life, in the domestic and social circles, that we must look if we would contemplate the character of woman in its purest and proudest development. It is in her daily exhibition of heart, soul, sympathy, generosity and devotion, that woman attains to perfection and crowns herself with a diadem. Everywhere in this great republic are thousands of women whose excellence of character challenges our admiration. Among those who have passed into the better life, and whose names are recorded on the tablet of every American heart, is Martha Washington.

In her character we have the character of an accomplished American lady. Few, if any, have ever excelled her. When the war of the Revolution commenced, she accompanied her husband, who had just been appointed commander-in-chief of the American armies, to the military lines about Boston, and witnessed the siege and evacuation of that city. She was ever the guardian spirit of the general, and aided him materially in his military career by her

wise counsels and timely attentions. While he reasoned logically and deliberately, she came to logical conclusions instantly, without seeming to reason, a faculty of logic which characterizes almost every woman.

In her figure, Martha was slight; in her manners, easy and graceful; in her temper, mild, yet cheerful; in her conversation, calm, yet fascinating; in her looks, beautiful, especially in her youthful days. So universally admired and respected was she, that everybody spoke of her as "Lady Washington."

She did the honors of the presidential mansion with polished ease, dignity and grace. Her conjugal life with Washington was not less exemplary than it was happy. His regard for her was as profound as her devotion to him was sincere. So solicitous was she for preserving his good name and fame, that, immediately after his death, she destroyed all the domestic letters which he had addressed to her, for fear they might, some day, be published, and be found to contain some word or expression of a political nature which might be construed to his prejudice.

Faithful as a wife, as a friend, and as a Christian, she proved herself a model woman. She survived her husband but two years, and died at the age of

seventy. In life she occupied a position which queens might envy; and in death, bequeathed a memory which will be cherished in a nation's heart, when the proud monuments of kings and queens have crumbled into dust and been forgotten.

If it could be done without making invidious distinctions, it would be no less delightful than instructive to refer specifically to the names and deeds of many other American women who have graced the age in which they lived, and added lustre to the annals of our republic. But we must content ourselves by alluding to them in general terms; and, in doing this, we must admit the fact, that the noble deeds and exalted virtues of woman occupy a much less space in the world's history than they ought.

It is sufficiently evident to everybody that women, in all the relations of life, exhibit a keener appreciation of right and wrong than men. Hence they are usually the first to approve what is right, and the last to concur in what is wrong. It was this devotion to principle which induced American women in the days of the Revolution to submit to the severest trials and deprivations, while they encouraged their sons, husbands and brothers to go forth to the battle-field in defence of their country. In proof of their patriotism, these noble women, with their own

hands and with cheerful hearts, spun, wove, knit, and baked for the brave and suffering soldiers, and even made an offering of their jewels on the altar of liberty; and rather than see the enemy enriched by traffic and unjust revenues, complacently approved the policy which cast rich cargoes of their favorite beverage into the depths of the sea.

It was the same spirit, the same patriotism, which inspired the women of our own times, on a still broader scale, in the late struggle of the North to crush the rebellion of the South, and sustain in all its purity, its honor and its glory, the dear old flag of the Union. This great work has been done manfully and nobly, and at immense sacrifices of treasure and of blood; but it could not have been done without the aid and encouragement of woman. It was woman who held the key and unlocked the hearts of twenty millions of people, and induced them, by her pleading appeals, to pour out their noble charities, as from floodgates, to supply the urgent needs of the largest and bravest army the world ever beheld. It was woman, whose delicate hand nursed the sick, the wounded, and the dying soldier, and whose sympathies and prayers soothed and cheered his departing spirit.

In the sanitary commission, in the Christian com-

mission, woman was the master-spirit, the angel of mercy, the music of whose hovering wings animated the weary march of our gallant volunteers, and inspired their souls with invincible courage. It is woman who weaves the only wreath of honor which a true-hearted hero desires to wear on his brow, and the only one worthy of his highest aspirations. It is an indisputable fact that the power, the patriotism, and the influence of woman, constitute the great moral elements of our republic, and of our civil and religious institutions.

It is the educated and accomplished women of our country who have refined the men, as well as the youth of the land, and given tone to public sentiment. It is this class of women who have purified our literature, and moulded it to harmonize with the pure principles of a Christian philosophy. In the fine arts, and even in the abstruse sciences, women have excelled as well as men. In the catalogue of distinguished authors there are to be found, both in this country and in Europe, nearly as many women as men. From the facts which we have already adduced, it is evident enough that woman, in the exercise of intellectual, if not political power, is fully the equal of man, while in tact and shrewdness she is generally his superior. According to the old, but

truthful saying, it is impossible for a man to outwit a shrewd woman ; and instead of asking what can a woman do, we should ask, what is there a woman cannot do ?

Whenever women are left to take care of themselves in the world, as thousands are, they should not only have the right, but it is their duty, to engage in any of the industrial pursuits for which they are fitted. The principal difference between man and woman is physical strength ; and, for this reason, the lighter employments should be assigned to women. In whatever employment men are out of place, women should take their place ; especially in retailing fancy goods, in book-keeping, in telegraphing, in type-setting, in school-teaching, and in many other like employments ; nor need they be excluded from the learned professions. In fact, we already have lady clergymen and lady physicians ; and some think the character of the bar would be much elevated by the admission of lady lawyers. We cannot doubt that they would excel in prosecuting suits commenced by "attachment," but in other cases their success is not assured, if we may judge from the following incident : A lady lawyer of presidential aspirations, in conducting a suit before Judge Carter in the district court at Washington, was opposed by an

eminent lawyer of the other sex, who raised a vexed legal question which had not been "dreamed of in the philosophy" of the lady lawyer, and which so endangered her side of the case and perplexed her that, in the midst of her embarrassment, she appealed to the judge for advice as to the course she had better pursue. The judge, who hesitates somewhat in his utterances, replied: "I think you had bet-bet-better employ a lawyer."

If women choose to compete with men in any of the learned professions, or in any other pursuit, and are fitted to achieve success, there is nothing in the way to prevent them; yet it does not follow that they can take the places of men in every thing, especially in those employments which require masculine strength and great physical endurance. Nor does it follow that women who pay taxes should therefore have the right of suffrage. The fact that they hold property does not change their *status*, nor does it confer political rights.

The right of suffrage is a political right and not a natural right. The exercise of this political right carries with it the law-making power, the duty of protecting persons and property, and consequently of maintaining and defending the government. They who make the government are therefore bound to

defend it. Nature never intended that women should become soldiers, and face the cannon's mouth in the battlefield; nor did she give them strength to construct railroads, tunnel mountains, build war-ships, or man them. Yet women, prompted by affection or romantic sentiment, have been known to become soldiers in disguise, and perhaps have fought bravely in the battle-field; but this, of itself, proves nothing; it is merely an exception to a general rule, or, in other words, an eccentricity of character. In all ages of the world, as we have shown, the mere force of circumstances has occasionally unsphered woman, and placed her in unnatural situations, in which she has sometimes achieved a brilliant success—on the throne and off the throne, in peace and in war, in political life and in social life. Yet in stepping out of her sphere, whatever may be her success, every true woman feels that she “o’ersteps the modesty of nature.”

When woman glides into her natural position—that of a wife—it is then only that she occupies her appropriate sphere, and exhibits in its most attractive form the loveliness of her character. Marriage is an institution as essential to the stability and harmony of the social system as gravity is to the order and preservation of the planetary system. In

the domestic circle the devoted wife becomes the centre of attraction, the "angel of the household." Her world is her home; her altar, the hearthstone. In her daily ministrations, she makes herself angelic by making home a heaven, and every one happy who may come within the "charmed circle" of her kind cares and generous sympathies. In fact, there is no place like home, "sweet home," when on its sacred altar burns the blended incense of harmonious souls—

"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

It is certain that man and woman were never created to live independent of each other. They are but counterparts, and therefore incomplete until united in wedlock. Hence they who prefer single blessedness are justly chargeable with the "sin of omission," if not the "unpardonable sin." It is difficult to estimate the fearful responsibilities of those fossilized bachelors who persist in sewing on their own buttons and in mending their own stockings. Yet these selfish gentlemen frankly admit that there may have been such a thing as "true love" in the olden times, but now, they say, the idea has become obsolete; and if a bachelor were to ask a young lady to share his lot, she would immediately want to know how large the "lot" is, and what is its

value. In further justification they quote Socrates, who being asked whether it were better for a man to marry or live single, replied, "Let him do either and he will repent it." But this is not argument, nor is it always true, even in a sordid marriage, as appears in the following instance. Not long since, in New York, a bachelor of twenty-two married a rich maiden of fifty-five, who died within a month after the nuptials, and left him a half million of dollars. He says he has never "repented" the marriage.

The age in which we live is one of experiment and of novel theories, both in religion and in politics. In modern spiritualism we have entranced women, who give us reports from the dead. In modern crusades we have devout women, who visit tippling-houses and convert them into sanctuaries of prayer. In politics we have mismated and unmated women, who hold conventions, clamor for the ballot, and advocate the doctrine of "natural selection."

It is true that every marriageable woman has a natural right to select, if not elect, a husband; and this she may and ought to do, not by ballot but by the influence of her charms and her virtues. If all marriageable men and women were but crystallized into happy families, earth would soon become a paradise. Yet, if this were done, we doubt not there

would still remain some "strong-minded" women, who would get up a convention to reform paradise. The truth is, the women will do pretty much as they please, and the best way is to let them.

Yet all must admit that a woman of refinement is not only a ruling spirit, but "a power behind the throne greater than the power on the throne." Her rights are, therefore, within her own grasp. Among these she has the right, and to her belongs the responsible duty, of educating her children in first principles, and in those sanctified lessons which have been revealed to man from heaven. It is the mother's precepts which constitute the permanent foundation of the child's future character. Hence no woman is really competent to discharge the responsible duties of a mother as she ought, unless she has first been properly educated. There can be no object more deserving of commiseration, perhaps, than a mother who is surrounded by a family of young children, and yet is so ignorant as to be unable to instruct them in the rudiments of a common school education and in the fundamental principles of a Christian life. The character of every child, it may be assumed, is essentially formed at seven years of age. The mother of Washington knew this, and felt it, and, in the education of her son, taught him at an early

age the leading truths of Christianity. She took the Bible for her guide, and taught him to take the Bible for his guide. His subsequent career proves that he adhered to the instructions of his mother. When he came to pay her a visit, at the close of the war, after an absence of seven long years, she received him, with the overflowing heart of a mother, as her dutiful son, and thought of him only as a dutiful son, never uttering a word in reference to the honors he had won as a military chieftain.

Soon after this, Gen. Lafayette, wishing to make the acquaintance of the mother of Washington before returning to France, called at her residence in Virginia, and introduced himself. He found her at work in the garden, clad in a homespun dress, and her gray head covered with a plain straw hat. She saluted him kindly, and calmly remarked, "Ah, Marquis, you see an old woman; but come, I can make you welcome in my poor dwelling without the parade of changing my dress." In the course of conversation Lafayette complimented her as the mother of a son who had achieved the independence of his country, and acquired lasting honors for himself. The old lady, without the least manifestation of gratified pride, simply responded, "I am not surprised at what George has done, for he was always a

very good boy." What a noble response, in its moral grandeur, was this? Certain it is that such a mother was worthy of such a son. A monument, plain, yet expressive in its design, has been erected at Fredericksburg to her memory. It bears this simple, yet sublime inscription:—

Mary, the Mother of Washington."

The extent of woman's moral power can only be limited by the extent of her capacities. In every circle, whether domestic, social or political, the accomplished woman is a central power—*imperium in imperio*; and, though she may not directly exercise the right of suffrage, yet her influence and her counsels, even an expression of her wish, enable her to control the political as well as the social destinies of men and of nations. It is in this way that she may "have her way." It was the accomplished wife of Mr. Monroe who made him President of the United States. She was the first to propose his name as a candidate. Her influence with members of congress induced them to concur in advocating his election. He was elected. His administration, as we all know, was distinguished as "the era of good feeling."

The prevalent idea that women need less education than men is a gross error, worthy of heathendom

perhaps, but entirely unworthy of Christendom. Let women be as generally and as liberally educated as men, and, my word for it, the question of women's rights would soon settle itself. The right of women to be thus educated cannot be doubted, because it is a divine right, and because God has made woman the maternal teacher of mankind, and the chief cornerstone of the social fabric. Yet she should be educated with reference to her proper sphere as woman—a sphere which is higher than that of man in the economy of Nature. Her capacities for industrial pursuits, such as are consistent with her physical abilities, should be developed so that she may be qualified to provide for herself, and to sustain herself in life's battle, if need be, without the aid of a "companion in arms."

Nevertheless, marriage is one of heaven's irrevocable laws. It is, in fact, the great law of all animal life, and even of plant life. Nowhere in nature is there a single instance in which this law is not obeyed, in due time, except in the case of mankind. Why is this? It certainly would not be so if it were not for some grand defect in our social system—some false notions acquired by education, which are peculiar to our civilization, and which induce apostasy to truth and natural justice. Man was created to be the

protector of woman, and woman to be the helpmeet of man. Each, therefore, has an appropriate sphere; and the obligations of each are mutual, growing out of their mutual interest and dependence. The sphere of the one is just as important as the sphere of the other. Neither can live, nor ought to live, without the aid, the love, and the sympathy of the other. Whether so disposed or not, neither can commit an infraction of the other's rights, without violating a law of Nature.

Whatever may be the evils of our present social or political system, it is evident that the right of suffrage, if extended to woman, could not afford a remedy; but, on the contrary, would tend to weaken, rather than strengthen, mutual interests, by creating unwomanly aspirations and domestic dissensions, thus sundering the ties of love and affection which naturally exist between the sexes. In a word, it would be opening Pandora's box, and letting escape the imps of social and political discord, and finally result in universal misrule, if not in positive anarchy.

Modesty and delicacy are the crowning characteristics of a true woman. She naturally shrinks from the storms of political strife. Give her the right of suffrage—a boon no sensible woman desires—place her in office, in the halls of legislation, in the presi-

dential chair, enrobe her with the judicial ermine, or make her the executive officer of a criminal tribunal—and how could she assume the tender relations of a mother, and at the same time officiate in either of these high places of public trust, in which the sternest and most inflexible duties are often required to be performed?

It is not possible, however, that the erratic comets, whose trailing light occasionally flashes athwart our political sky, will ever acquire sufficient momentum to jostle the “fixed stars” out of place, because there is a fixed law of Nature which preserves them in place. There is also a law of Nature which makes man not only the protector, but the worshiper of woman—a worship which is as instinctively paid as reciprocated, and which is by no means inconsistent with the worship of God, but, in truth, is a part of it. It is this kind of worship, this natural and holy impulse of the heart, which constitutes the basis of man’s rights, and of woman’s rights, and should harmonize all their relations in life.

We see the instinctive exhibition of man’s reverence for women almost every day of our lives, and often in a way that proves how ridiculous are modern theories in regard to woman’s rights, when brought to the test in practical life. Not long since in one of

our cities where a woman's-rights convention was in session, a strong-minded female delegate entered a street railway car, when an old gentleman arose to give her his seat ; but, at that moment, suspecting her to be a delegate, asked, " Be you one of these women's righters ? "—" I am. "—" You believe a woman should have all the rights of a man ? "—" Yes I do. "—" Then stand up and enjoy them like a man. " And stand up she did—the old gentleman coolly resuming his seat, to the great amusement of the other passengers.

Whatever may be the pretensions of agitators, it is certain that no woman of refined culture, or of proper self-respect, will attempt to step outside of her appropriate sphere. This she cannot do if she would, without doing violence to the sensibilities of her nature. When true to herself, woman, like the lily of the valley, prefers the valley, where she can display her native loveliness in comparative retirement, secure from the inclemencies of a frowning sky ; while man, born with a more rugged nature, prefers, like the sturdy oak, to climb the hills and the mountains, where he delights to breast the assaults of storm and tempest, and to fling the shadow of his stately form over the valley, as if to protect the ethereal beauty of the lily from the too ardent gaze of the sun. And,

though a solitary flower may sometimes be seen climbing the mountain height, it is only the modest lily of the valley, the true woman, whose approving smile man aspires to share, and whose virtue and purity call into exercise his noblest and holiest sympathies.

PIONEERS

—OF THE—

WESTERN RESERVE.

By HARVEY RICE.

PRICE, \$1.50.

—:o:—

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

“The name and character of Hon. Harvey Rice are sufficient guarantee that anything which comes from his hands is worthy of consideration, and it is with this assurance that in this work he has produced something of great historical value, as well as of interest in its style and incident, that we commend the work without hesitation.”—*Cleveland Leader*.

“The incidents of the book have not only real historic value, but they are of great interest as giving the present generation some idea of the hardships and privations to which the early pioneers of Ohio were subjected.”—*Sunday Gazette, Akron, Ohio*.

“Mr. Rice tells the story of the early struggles of the early settlers, their haps and mishaps, and gradual development, in a most interesting style.”—*The American, Waterbury, Conn.*

“It is altogether an instructive and valuable book, and especially interesting to the people of our historic and noble state.”—*Christian Secretary, Hartford, Conn.*

“There is much that is fresh and interesting in the narrative, and much that helps the making of history, though it does not itself claim to rank as history.”—*Boston Journal*.

“The reader's interest is sustained by remarkable historic facts, heroic adventures and thrilling incidents, which the author has taken pains to collect from authoritative sources.”—*Christian Intelligencer, New York*.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers.

BOSTON, 1883.

SELECT POEMS.

By HARVEY RICE.

ILLUSTRATED EDITION \$1.25.



NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

“‘SELECT POEMS,’ recently published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, pp. 174, 12mo, are from the pen of Hon. Harvey Rice of Cleveland, O., and author of ‘Nature and Culture,’ published by the same firm in 1875, and which contained several essays on those subjects worthy of the deepest consideration.

“In the volume now before us, the same love and admiration of all things good, noble, patriotic and beautiful, are to be observed; and we wish that some of our magazine writers would take pattern by the plain, almost severe, Saxon verbiage in which the deepest thought and most vivid fancy find expression.”—*Journal of Commerce, Boston.*

“A second edition indicates the public estimate of these piquant, graceful and, in many regards, beautiful creations. We still think that ‘Unwritten Music’ rightfully fills the first place. It is simply exquisite.”—*Christian Leader, Boston.*

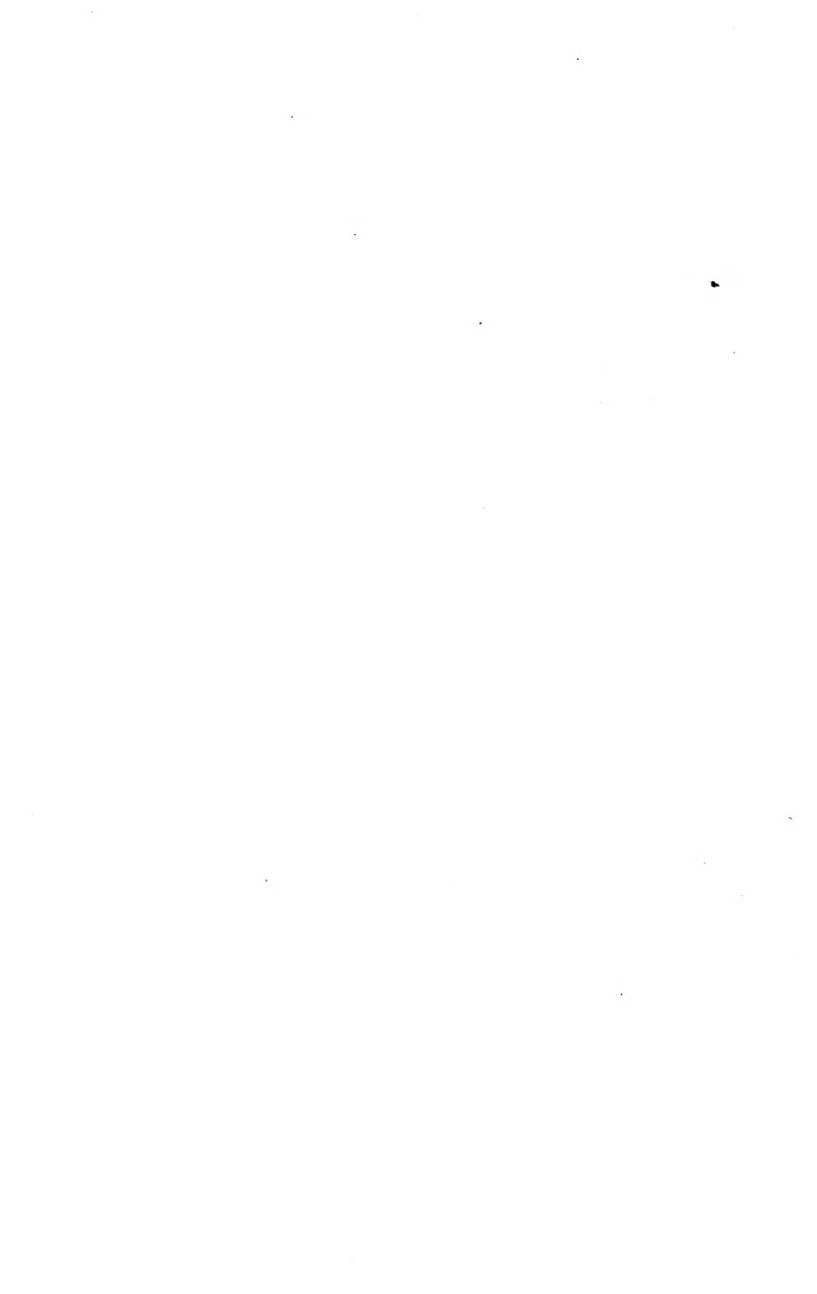
“Among the best of the long poems are ‘The Mystery of Life,’ ‘Mount Vernon,’ ‘Ancestral Portraits,’ ‘Home of my Youth,’ and ‘Freedom.’ The short poems are all good, some of them being perfect gems.”—*Eastern Argus, Portland, Me.*

“A collection of original poems, all of which are pleasing in structure, pure and elevated in sentiment, vigorous and refined in diction and faultless in numbers. The religion is that of the natural man, the morality that of works, the sympathy tender, and the wit general. The lovers of good poetry will relish the feast.”—*Epis. Recorder, Phil.*

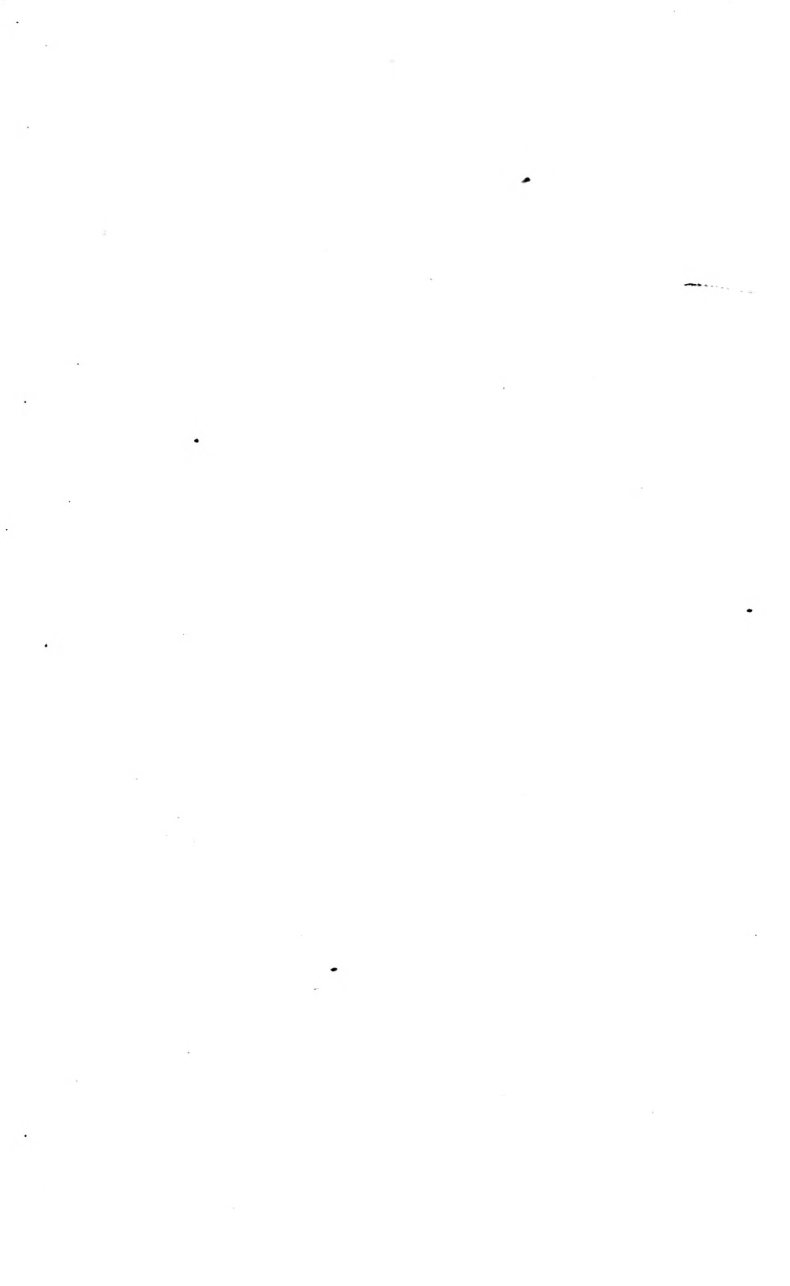
“Mr. Rice writes true poetry.”—*New York Methodist.*

LEE & SHEPARD, PUBLISHERS.

BOSTON, Nov. 1, 1880.







LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 009 930 765 1